

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 4, 1967

40 CENTS

The Case for the 12-foot Basket





Holidays and Coke and
presents and parties and
holidays and Coke and toys
and turkey and holidays
and Coke and friends and
family and holidays
and Coke and stockings
and snowballs...

Coca-Cola has the taste
you never get tired of.
Coke after Coke after Coke.

MY SIN
*...a most
provocative
perfume*



Extrait \$7.50 to \$90

Bathing Powder \$5

Spray from \$5

Eau de Toilette from \$3.50



the best perfume Paris has to offer.

Too good to give? Maybe. Unless it's someone you think the world of; someone who's known the taste of picture taking and loves it; wants to do more of it, only better.

No one? How about yourself?



The incomparable Nikon F Single-Lens Reflex used by more professionals than any other. Key to the world's most comprehensive 35mm system. The earnest camera for the man in earnest about photography. Prices start at \$306.

The new Nikkormat FTN Single-Lens Reflex with self-compensating thru-the-lens meter system. A distinguished member of the Nikon family. Uses the same superlative lenses and accessories as the Nikon F. For the man on the way up. Prices start at under \$270.

The Nikonos Amphibian 35 takes pictures under water to depths of 160 feet without a housing. Waterproof, corrosion-resistant, impervious to heat, cold, mildew, fungus—virtually indestructible. Under \$160 with 12.5 lens.

The Nikon Super Zoom-8 Automatic Movie Camera with powered 5-time F1.8 zoom lens, automatic thru-the-lens exposure control, thru-the-lens focusing and viewing, variable speeds; remote-control, single frame, battery operation and, most of all, Nikon quality. Under \$270.

OTHER "GOODIES" FOR THE NIKON MAN:

The Nikkormat Autofocus Slide Projector with ultra-sharp Nikkor lens, new brilliant Q-H lamp automatic, manual and remote operation with rotary and straight trays, retractable power cord, completely self-contained. Under \$180.

The new Nikon Ultra-Compact Prism Binoculars in 3 magnifications (6x18, 7x21 and 8x24), all equally bright, lightweight and attractive. As bright in daylight and as sharp as the brightest glasses you can buy. Prices start at under \$50.

While the spirit of holiday giving is with you—how about yourself? See your Nikon dealer, or write for further information: Nikon Division/Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Garden City, New York 11530 (In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.).

Contents

DECEMBER 4, 1967 Volume 27, No. 23

Cover model by André Tikhonov
Cover photograph by Richard Jeffers

26 The Giants Grow Up

New York's outlaw pugilist are scrambling—offensively and defensively—and now they are up with the big boys

30 A Step to an Olympic Boycott

A few Negroes have voted to pass up the Olympics, but no one is yet sure if others will follow

32 Blue Power Wins a Bowl Game

Yale's Bruin Dawgdom caps a superb season with one final, desperate fling to defeat Harvard

College Basketball 1968

34 The new faces of Year Two in the reign of King Lew

36 Henry Ba, the man who said "Control the ball"

SCOUTING REPORTS

48 A&W	60 MID-AMERICAN
45 WEST COAST AC	62 OREGON VALLEY
46 WESTERN AC	64 SOUTHERN
49 BIG EAST	65 ATLANTIC COAST
50 IFC	66 IVC
52 BOUTHERN	68 YANKEE
57 MOUNTAIN VALLEY	70 MO SEV
58 BIG TEN	72 INDEPENDENTS

78 The case for the 12-foot basket

92 Big Week for the Beat-up Best

The cars may have looked professional polish, but their enthusiastic drivers produced some solid results at Daytona

102 'Go to the Races'

Two's champion jockey Jesse Davidson's term for the big time. He dreams of it while on the small tracks

The departments

17 Scorecard	98 Bridge
84 College Football	123 For the Record
92 Motor Sports	124 19th Hole
96 Bowling	



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue in year end, 52 Times Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, corporate office. Reception Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James A. Ligon, President; D. W. Brannan, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Continental U.S. subscriptions \$8 a year; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 123

Next week

BOSTON'S GOLD BRUIES, led by Bobby Orr, are the winners of a mad hockey season. Pete Athelton tells why they are patting no more and the color camera records spirited action.

SHOOTING DEBUTS of Calvin Murphy and Rick Mount are the features of college basketball's first week. Murphy's Niagara has an easy game, but Mount's Purdue meets UCLA.

STAGE TWO in the heavyweight elimination tournament begins as Oscar Bonavena and Jimmy Ellis meet in Louisville. Mark Kram covers the boat between the two heavy punchers.



Roblee reports on The Check Uprising ...and designs a trim slip-on to match.

Never before has the check come on so strong. Exploded and mini sizes—blocks—plaids—overplaids—what-have-you. For Fall, the with-it wardrobe includes the wooly windowpane check jacket, the neat tattersall check shirt. (And a great new match for checks, the woven club tie.) On the ground: the Banner by Roblee, a sharp, tasseled wing-tip slip-on in soft, smooth leather. Shown in Irish Coffee. Also in Jet Black. A style-setter—and a buy!

For name of dealer, write
Brown Shoe Company,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Leather refers to uppers



**ROBLEE
SHOES** 
\$15 to \$22, most styles

The Gift 22's

Give one to your son this Christmas. Someday he'll pass it on to your grandson.

What a fine watch is to a young man at graduation,
a Remington 22 is to a boy at Christmas.

A gift to be exclaimed over a little and used a lot.
Treated with care and handled with respect.
And someday passed on to another generation.

That's why we don't build our 22's to sell cheap.
We build them to wear well.

That's why our new 580 series bolt-actions have
six locking lugs where many have just one.

That's why our Nylon 66 automatic has an
action that's virtually jam-proof. (And a stock that's
guaranteed never to warp or crack.)

That's why the RK-W wood finish on our deluxe
672 pump and 552 automatic is tougher and handomer
than you'll find on many custom big-game rifles.

And that's why Remington 22's are made for keeps.

Remington 

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602.

In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited.

*Fair Trade prices in stores bearing Fair Trade logo.
Price subject to change without notice.





GENERAL ELECTRIC'S

precision
quality—

INTERCHANGEABLE POWER TOOLS



NOW IN A COMPLETE KIT!

Precision Quality at Popular Prices. General Electric's unique concept lets you *give—or own—a* whole set of precision power tools at considerable savings. Because one Power Unit drives four different tool heads, plus Lawn Trimmer and Hedge and Shrub Trimmer Heads. Change the head, and you have another complete precision power tool—without buying another motor. No compromise. No fumbling. Each head is specially designed, geared and balanced for its job. It meshes instantly with the Power Unit... driven by a 1/2 hp. 3 amp. General Electric motor—more powerful than most other household tools. Choice of Single-Speed or Variable-Speed Power Unit.



A COMPLETELY PORTABLE WORKSHOP!

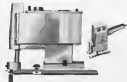
Kit includes:

- All-metal box
- Power Unit
- Sabre Saw Head
- 1/4" Drill Head
- Orbital Sander Head
- Additional workshop accessories: 10 high-speed drill bits; 9 sheets sandpaper, 2 helper handles; 3 Sabre Saw blades, chuck key; chuck wrench; np circle guide; adapter plug. Available with single-speed or variable-speed power unit. (Variable-Speed kit also includes 2 screw-driver bits)

Also—General Electric Power Tools may be purchased separately. All tool heads are interchangeable—made to fit both the Single-Speed and Variable-Speed Power Units.



1/4" Power Drill. Jacobs chuck. Double reduction high-impact-resistant gears for durability. 900 rpm rating. 1/4" Power Drill tool head (1800 rpm rating) also available.



Precision Sabre Saw. Unique design gives perfect up-front visibility... greater accuracy. Adjusts for bevel, straight or flush cutting. Built-in sawdust blower.



Powerful Orbital Sander. Special design gives exceptionally fine balance... allows flush-to-wall and in-corner sanding. Handy screw-type take-up clamps for sandpaper.

If your store does not have General Electric Power Tools, write us for name of nearest dealer: Mr. A. Stewart, General Electric Company, 1285 Boston Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06602

General Electric Company, Homeowners Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Coupon for directors and board members. As a responsible member of the Board you of course know that you are accountable for the Board's actions. But do you know that you may also be held individually liable? Now you can get coverage for *all* your directorships in *one* policy.

Maybe you need the coupon?



TO THE ST. PAUL INSURANCE COMPANIES

I'm interested in your new Director's Liability Policy. I understand that this unique policy insures me as an individual (except for the company in which I am an officer). Since you are the only insurance company writing this new policy, I guess I'll have to talk to your man.*

MY NAME IS: _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE _____

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



Serving you around the world around the clock

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company
St. Paul Mercury Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

Rather call than mail?
Clip this as a
reminder, and see the
yellow pages for our
agents and brokers.

*Sorry, not for sale everywhere, yet.

Give Johnnie Walker Red,
the world's best selling Scotch.

Why fool around?



Johnnie Walker Red
(The Smooth Scotch)

A woman in a long, flowing purple dress stands on a beach, holding a large bunch of colorful balloons (red, green, orange, white) and a Toshiba Color TV. The TV screen shows a person in a red dress. In the background, there's a lighthouse and a small boat on the water.

Sorry, we flunked the balloon test

Even with balloons, our new portable Color TV will never make the featherweight class. You can't win them all.

But it wins every other comparison test with (ahem) flying colors.

It's the first color portable built inside and out to take the jolts and jares of the portable people. And that means putting in the extras instead of taking off a few ounces.

So we bonded high tensile strength steel bands to the new Toshiba Color TV picture tube for extra ruggedness. Rare earth phosphors added new color brilliance to the 117 sq. in. rectangular picture.

We replaced tubes with 21 Toshiba solid state devices for new color TV reliability. (We modestly claim to be the world's largest manufacturer of transistors and diodes and we put our best ones in our color set.)

The toughest portable color TV you can buy? Yes. The lightest? No. But with a new big screen picture so real it can capture the gleam in baby blue eyes . . . you can't have everything.

See Toshiba . . . famed in 130 lands for quality . . . and you'll know there is something new and better in Color TV. It's specially made for the portable people. Are you one of them?

Toshiba THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

The Safety Shaver. It took the sting out of shaving.

Considering we make our living making shavers it pains us to admit this—but quite frankly, shaving can often be a pain in the face.

We know that many men are afraid of the aftereffects of shaving:

That 11 A.M. blah feeling in the cheeks. The burning sensation in the chin. Irritation written all over the neck.

The fact is, too many shaving instruments are just too close for comfort. And some are just too comfortable to be close.

We can discuss this problem with candor (the safest thing would be to keep quiet about it), because we think we've licked it. With The Safety Dial.



The Safety Dial.

With this dial, you'll never be afraid to shave again.

Because with this dial, you can raise and lower the shaving heads to four different comfort positions.

It works like this:

When the shaver heads are dialed up or down, The Safety Combs (which remain stationary) expose exactly the right amount of cutting surface for your particular kind of face—letting in all of the whiskers and keeping out all of the skin.

There are thousands of types of faces. We've narrowed them down to four.

Say you have a baby face. So you set the dial at S1 where the head will baby your face. (Without sacrificing closeness.)

And should you have a face tough as nails, you set The Safety Dial at S4.

For the in-between faces, we've got your number as well.

The numbers system also works for the various parts of your face. Your mustache is

tougher than your chin. Your neck more tender than your cheeks. So you can custom dial a neck or a chin or a cheek or a mustache.



The Safety Combs.

When you're finished with your face, turn the dial to trim and straighten out your sideburns with the *biggest trimmer* in the business.

One turn and the head pops up to the clean position. Pffft. And that's it.

This Christmas give the shaver that gives peace of face. The REMINGTON *Selectro* shaver with The Safety Dial and Safety Combs. You'll find it really clicks.

REMINGTON





The DieHard[™] fights the common cold

At zero degrees (ugh) your battery has only 40% of its normal power. Yet your car's starter needs two to three times the juice to do the job.

A huge current drain on a cold, cold battery is like kicking a friend when he's down. It can drop a fellow's voltage.

Enter Sears new DieHard—the super high voltage battery. It thinks 0° is sweater weather. In the 3 critical power standards established by the Society of Automotive Engineers, the DieHard when compared with other batteries of its size is:

First in reserve power—ampere hour capacity.

First in indicated cranking time—the number of minutes it provides 150 amperes at 0° F.

First in cranking speed—voltage at 5 seconds with 150

ampere draw at 0° F.

The reason is simple.

The DieHard is bigger. Not on the outside. On the inside. Its new polypropylene case is not only 60% stronger at 0°, the walls are more than 50% thinner than the usual thick, heavy rubber battery walls. So there's more room inside for more acid and bigger plates—the things that determine a battery's strength.

There is no other car battery of its size that will deliver so much power as the DieHard. And it's backed by a 60-month, no-fine-print guarantee. When Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

There are over 2000 places you can buy the DieHard. They're all Roebuck and Co. stores. You can Charge It on your Sears Revolving Charge.

The Sears 5-year guarantee:

"Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard
America's most powerful
car battery

Sold only at Sears \$27.95 with trade-in.

Sears

You can't do better than Sears.

The DieHard is so new it's available in Group 24 only. This size fits most Chevrollets, Chryslers, Dodges, Plymouths, Studebakers, many Oldsmobiles and Pontacs, all Ramblers and Willys. Soon it will be available in all popular sizes. Sears carries a complete line of other fine batteries as well, in a wide range of prices.

TIME CAPSULES

are as fascinating as...

Joe Louis, Douglas MacArthur, Charlie Chaplin, Herbert Hoover, Charles Lindbergh, Red Grange, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Tito, Brenda Frazier, Albert Einstein, Dr. Jonas Salk, Sinclair Lewis, Tarzan, Calvin Coolidge, Jane, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Cheetah, Steamboat Willie, Chiang Kai-shek, Al Capone, J.P. Morgan, Il Duce, Albie Booth, Ty Cobb, Citation, Walter Reuther, Nasser, Mae West, Adlai Stevenson, Humphrey Bogart, Helen Wills, Babe Ruth, Pope John, Ernest Hemingway, Joe DiMaggio, Gandhi, King Farouk, Connie Mack, Dag Hammarskjöld, G. David Schine, John L. Lewis, and all the rest of the colorful characters who have sung, danced, laughed, wept, loved, fought, suffered, and masqueraded upon the stage that has been America and the world since 1923. These, and the countless others who have been the tyrants, the clowns, the heroes, and the artists, are included in **TIME CAPSULES**, a new series of books condensed from **TIME Magazine**. Each volume covers a year, excerpting the original articles. Indexed for easy reference.



TIME CAPSULES...a new series of books condensed from the pages of **TIME Magazine**... consist of more than 230 pages of text and illustrations.



\$1.65 in paperback wherever books and magazines are sold.
(hardcover, \$3.95)

TIME-LIFE BOOKS—Rockefeller Center, N.Y. 10020



It makes a good case for a Bulova.

You won't be aware of the extra gold. At first. After you've worn the watch a year or so you'll notice it, though. Because the case will probably be as smooth and bright as the day it was new.

That's because we do something to a gold case a lot of watch companies don't:

You see, if the amount a gold case needs is "x,"

we make it "x" plus. And sometimes that plus is as much as 30 percent more. And that goes for all the gold cases we make. Eighteen karat, fourteen karat, whatever.

This way, the case will stand up to a lot of wear and look good as time goes by. We think it makes a good case for a Bulova.

From the Ambassador Collection. 17 jewels. 18K gold. Automatic. Waterproof when new. Crown and crystal are sapphire. Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Buenos Aires, London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong. 6190

Meet the sports games you play like a pro!

New 3M Sports Games can turn anyone into a pro, whether you're a natural athlete or a born loser. Invite your friends to join the action as these pro games come alive right in your own living room.

Suddenly you're the quarterback, baseball manager, golf pro or jockey, playing "the games for all seasons": Winter golf, summer football, baseball on rainy days and horse racing at midnight. The results are based on statistics from real pro games. To score, you think and play like a pro. But you've got a sporting chance to *hear* the pros! Each 3M Brand Sports Game comes in a sturdy, vinyl-covered carrying case that opens up into a playing field. So join the leisure league of new 3M Sports Games—at gift and department stores everywhere.



Play ball! Big League Baseball makes you the manager. Choose your lineup, call the pitches, decide when to hit and when to take, etc. With strategy and luck you'll win!



They're off! Win, Place and Show makes you an owner, handicapper, jockey, bettor. Figure the odds; take your chances. Idea is to become wealthy, and it's all tax free!

Hot 2-hike! Pro Football is played by official rules. The action moves up and down field as you call the plays. Figure results with game's calculator.



Fore! Thinking Man's Golf features 18 of the most famous holes in the U.S. Play includes club selection, wind, distance and direction. With skill, you break par!

P.S. Besides Sports Games, 3M also brings you ten games of skill and strategy, designed for adults and alert youngsters: famous 3M Bookshelf Games. Each comes in a compact leather-like case. And all ten make a handsome set of volumes for your bookshelf. If you've got a bookshelf . . . you've got a game room.

3M
GAMES

SCORECARD

POLITICAL FOOTBALL

Whatever the feelings in Washington about football, a leftist Argentine writer, Juan José Sebreli, has declared that he believes "it educates the masses for passivity, for nonaction and for non-participation in public life." Sebreli says—and he is talking principally of soccer—that such games are used as imperialist tools "to keep the people submerged in the primitive and elemental emotionalism which characterizes humanity's infantile stage." He points to the killing of Argentine-born Che Guevara in neighboring Bolivia a few days before a Buenos Aires soccer team won the world club title in Montevideo. Sebreli says, "When the news broke that Guevara had been shot no one here in his fatherland took to the streets or indeed lifted a finger. After the soccer victory in Montevideo thousands of fans appeared in the streets here to celebrate." And when the victorious soccer players arrived home the police, who were at the airport to impose some kind of control over the crowds, were roundly applauded by the fans. "It is incredible," Sebreli declares, "that a crowd made up mostly of workers, who must have been cudgeled by the cops at one time or other, will applaud them when they appear on the scene as fans. A mass culture has been molded by soccer and radio, and because of this I believe workers' uprisings no longer are possible."

"Mussolini, Hitler and even the senile Pétain were promoters of sports, and their example has been followed by most of today's world leaders. Monopolistic, capitalistic and fascist regimes use it as a means of psychological control of the masses by means of conditioned reflexes."

SORE

Dr. Barbara Moore, the 63-year-old British fitness fanatic who walked across the U.S. a few years ago, attempted to break the world's non-stop walking record of 155 miles a fortnight ago on a

specially laid-out course in Colchester. She challenged four British army parachutists to match strides with her. Three of the men soon dropped out, but when Dr. Moore quit after 60 miles (she said a drink given her by a "well-wisher" was poisoned), the fourth man, Staff Sgt. Louis Gibson, marched on.

Dr. Moore appealed to the army to stop him. "Staff Sgt. Gibson is a very brave man, but it is cruel to let him continue," she told Gibson's superiors. "He must be in torture. The soldiers set too fast a pace at the beginning, and they were not conditioned for it. Staff Sgt. Gibson's feet are crippling him."

By this time Gibson had covered 125 miles. Interviewed in stride, he told reporters, "Nothing would induce me to give up at this stage. Dr. Moore is the worst sportsman I have ever met. I would never walk with her again. She said I couldn't have endured the pain unless I was taking drugs. That's utter rot. My feet are killing me, but I'll keep going."

And he did, for 160.9 miles. The next day Gibson, hobbling on a stick, was given an award by the army. "You're in a bad way," the general making the presentation commented, "but it was a magnificent effort."

Said Dr. Moore: "I have protested to the army high command and asked for another walk to take place. I was given no medical treatment although I asked for it. All the army was concerned with was getting me out of the race. It was all very un-British."

PASS THE WORD

For years sportscasters in Texas have obtained the scores of high school football games through police radio dispatchers. The dispatcher contacts the patrol car on assignment at a corner near the game, gets the score and passes it on. The system came into being, Texas reporters say, because the state is probably the all-time leader in press boxes without telephones. And how else can

word of the games get out? Policemen even have gotten into the habit of calling headquarters to check on the progress of their favorite teams.

But not long ago a Federal Communications Commission official, speaking at a three-day seminar for dispatchers in Fort Worth, declared the practice had to stop. "It is illegal to transmit baseball or football scores on law enforcement networks," he said.

Illegal it may be. But is the law enforceable? We wonder. Any good policeman needs to know the score.

BIG BROTHER

His skiers are the best in the world, but French Olympic Coach Honoré Bonnet is still not satisfied. Last week Jean-Claude Killy and his teammates were practicing on the slopes at Courchevel with two-foot antennas on their backs and radio receivers stuffed in their speed suits so that Bonnet could give them an earful as they schussed down the mountainsides.

The purpose of the new radios is to enable Bonnet to correct technical and tactical errors while they are being made. "We accomplish in two or three days of training what used to take eight or 10 days," explains René Sulpice, a member of Bonnet's coaching staff. "Athletes often don't know what their bodies are doing at high speed. We've also found



that the radios kill some of the lonely and fastidious character of ski training."

The receivers, which cost \$400 apiece and are the size of two packs of cigarettes, operate at distances up to four miles. Bonnet is certain they will revolutionize ski-racing training methods. To make sure they do not revolutionize

continued

Under the tree... these are the World's Favorite Golf Carts



Bag Boy

Ideal gift for that discriminating golfer. The leader in excellence in three classic models—Master (\$39.95), Elite (\$34.95) and Special (\$29.95). Padded golf seat only \$14.95.



JARMAN

Company

5675 Lake Road, Portland, Oregon 97222

SCORECARD *continued*

race results as well, he has asked the International Ski Federation to ban the radios from official competitions.

A SHOT ON GOAL

Registration in amateur hockey leagues in Canada and the U.S. is up 10% this year, and Fred Page, the president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, says the increase is due to the new Pro-Amateur Agreement made by the National Hockey League and the amateur organizations.

The provisions of the pact are simple: no hockey player can turn professional until his junior eligibility is up at the age of 20. This means that teams can no longer stockpile 14- and 15-year-olds away on farm clubs and make them professional athletes at an age when they should be playing for the fun and bruises of it. NHL teams can no longer sponsor amateur teams and their players—a form of shamateurism that enabled the rich clubs, like Montreal, to corner the hot-prospect market. Instead, the NHL will draft 72 amateurs a year and pay amateur hockey's governing bodies \$3,000 apiece for them, thus putting money into amateur hockey on a broad basis to assist in the development of the game. Finally, the new players themselves will be drafted in pro football and basketball fashion, weakest teams drafting first, thus helping to balance the competition.

The plan, which has been agreed upon for five years, doubtless has some flaws, but it is more than a step in the right direction—it is a dozen steps. And as Fred Page put it, using an improbable metaphor, "the interest in amateur hockey is returning to the grass-roots level."

INDIAN CORN

A letter to the Utah Fish and Game Commission began:

"We have just received your 1967 deer hunting proclamation and are very excited about it. We have hunted in nearly all of the western states and have been able to get trophies of most game—big game that is—in North America.

"Your deer hunting proclamation shows that you have divided the area into several hunting areas, most of them are apparently devoted to deer of either sex and some have buck-only divisions and some of your divisions are regular-license and antlerless-control permits. We notice, however, that you have

continued

...or on the tee



Clubster.

The perfect combination of cart and bag girl. You can now choose from 10 new, modern fashion colors and two outstanding models—Classic (\$49.95) and Clubster (\$44.95).



Play Day.

One of the three ALL-NEW models in this world's finest economy cart could be just the right gift for that guy or gal on your list. Play Day (\$39.95), Deluxe (\$44.95), Centre (\$49.95).

***free** 29 Tips for Better Golf. Pocket-size book of professional tips that will cut strokes off your game. Write for yours today.



JARMAN

Company

5675 Lake Road, Portland, Oregon 97222

Event: 2-Man Bobsled



**Use Chap Stick
before you need it.
The U.S. Olympic
Teams do.**

"Chap Stick" lip balm—selected for use by the 1988 U.S. Olympic Teams. You can help the Teams, too. Send \$1.00 to Olympic House, Dept. CS, 57 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 and you'll receive this Olympic pin.



Chap Stick® protects lips against chapping... Justus heat them first.



There goes a guy
going places in his
pedwin
shoes

Warwick! Casual slip-on with a dressy look. Sharp!
Most Pedwins \$10 to \$15. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

IT'S A GAS!



You'll flip for Clip, the butane lighter you wear anywhere. Flame adjustable. Refillable. Remarkable! Only \$7.95. Ask for Clip—and the complete Consul line—at department stores, jewelry, gift and smoke shops everywhere. It's a real put-on.

Imported exclusively by
Peterson's Ltd., N.Y. 10003.

SCORECARD *continued*

opened sections 23C, 27C, 23D, 22A, 28C and 28D for Indian hunting. It does not say which sex. Neither does it advise us whether it's in control permits or general license permits. . . . P.S. Do you have any restrictions on the Indians hunting us? Please send us a copy of the hunting orders you sent them."

RAZING THE ROOF

The best ball game in Indianapolis these days is provided by Ed Zebrowski's demolition company. When he razes a building Zebrowski sets up bleachers on the sidewalk for wrecking fans, and supplies music. This week he will take down a three-story apartment house at the corner of North and Delaware streets in 24 hours. Mayor-elect Richard G. Lugar has been asked to throw out the first wrecking ball. Spectators will be given hard hats, and a Dixieland band in a 1921 Stutz fire truck will provide devastating music.

IN A STORM

The members of the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, an organization that is protesting the construction of a power plant in the Storm King river gorge, took a boat trip up the Hudson one recent Saturday to publicize their efforts. Con Edison, the company which wants to put up the complex, had sent along a note wishing them bad weather, and a cold raw drizzle did fall most of the time. However, 300-odd enthusiasts, most of them well-tanned, in elegantly unpretentious tweeds, were on board *Miss Circle Line* when she cast off from West 42nd Street.

Among them was Bobby Kennedy, who spent a lot of his time behind a planting of orange plastic daises and who was introduced to the group as a "veteran canoeist on the turbulent Hudson waters." A Mr. George Lindsay was presented as "the birth-control man who has probably done more than any of us to preserve open spaces." There were numerous doctors, scientists and artists, as well as conservationists, and practically every one of them was a writer of one sort or another. They talked earnestly of conserving the river as a national treasure.

Kennedy disembarked at lunch when the boat was only halfway to Storm King, but everyone else crowded into a heated saloon where box lunches (including things like pâté de foie gras)

continued

the Continental divide



In the U.S.A., the Continental Divide is an imaginary line east of which rivers flow south or east — and west of which rivers flow west.

In the C.S.A. — the Continental States of America — our "continental divide" is the way we arrange the Club



The Continental States of America
Growing with pride

Coach seats on all of our Golden Jets. Two on one side of the aisle, three on the other. That's one less than you may be used to, which means you can spread out a little more and enjoy your trip through our country.

The C.S.A. is a place where you feel comfortable, but it isn't just our 3-and-2 seating that does it. It's the way all of our people do their jobs — with pride.

In the C.S.A., come travel with us, and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it. Please call.



Continental Airlines

the proud bird with the golden tail

End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined – you'll find they're not all there!



The action's in the new **Schick® 10-edge** cartridge – with not just 6, but **10** new Krona Edges.

Ⓢ To keep your mornings bright and cheerful, Schick gives you a complete winding mechanism – new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together. In fact the self-contained Schick cartridge fits all band razors.



Ⓢ Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the incredibly smooth Miron® Coating for a surface of unequalled comfort.

Schick **AUTO-BAND®** Razor
Put your reliance on famous **Schick Science.**

SCHICK Safety Razor Company, Division of WILSON-JONES, Inc. Ⓢ

prepared by Manhattan's fashionable Brasserie restaurant were dispensed.

On reaching Storm King at about 3:30 in the afternoon, the skipper tooted the ship's whistle and people rushed into the rain and wind to glimpse the massive stone hulk which jutted into the river. At the base of Storm King figures in yellow slickers were seen writing and pointing to two red flags staked along the shore. They were power company men sent out to show the conservationists how small an area would be marred by the proposed project. They only had a wet Sunday to show for their efforts. The conservationists turned back to New York notably unconvinced.

TOSSED FOR A LOSS

Before the football season began, the state of Florida decided to add some luster to coin-tossing ceremonies preceding home games at Florida and Florida State. It had a special gold coin struck for the occasion, one decorated with a palm tree, a boat, an Indian and two optimistic mottoes: "Florida—Sports Capital of the World" and "In God We Trust." The coin may be beautiful, but it isn't lucky: in 10 flips, Florida and Florida State have lost nine times.

Florida has lost five out of five. Florida State actually won two of five, but in the FSU-South Carolina game the referee became confused and mistakenly awarded the toss to the opposition. The FSU captain merely shrugged in resignation and walked off.

When the two state universities met last weekend in Gainesville it was a toss-up as to what would happen. Well, Florida won the flip—but promptly lost the game. Maybe somebody can lose the coin.

THEY SAID IT

• O.J. Simpson, Trojan halfback, discussing his success at USC: "While I was in junior college I thought for a while of going to Utah State. One of our assistant coaches reminded me of this the other day. He said, 'Just think, Orange Juice, today you might have been the biggest man in Logan, Utah.'"

• Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, criticizing government agencies for their disregard of scenic beauty: "We pay farmers not to raise crops. Why don't we pay the Corps of Engineers not to build dams? That's a real American attitude toward a problem."

END



Meet the Handler

SAVE \$1.00 ON THE BALL YOU CAN HANDLE LIKE A PRO!

We're so excited about the revolutionary new RecreAction® Basketballs, we'll send you \$1.00 when you buy one!

What's new is Action-Traction... the patented surface so sure-handed, you can handle it like a pro! What makes it official, is unqualified endorsement by Bob Cousy, Rudy LaRusso, Sam Jones, Maurice Stokes* and Coach Adolph Rupp!

Cash-in at your favorite sporting goods department. Make sure you see the new RecreAction Hide-Toned® Basketballs. Buy the one you like best, and send this coupon with the top of the box to Seamless, the professional ballmaker since 1917.

SEAMLESS MAJOR COMPANY
NEW HAVEN • ST. LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO

SEAMLESS Dept. 51 267
New Haven, Connecticut 06519

SEND ME \$1.00

Here's box top as proof I purchased one RecreAction Basketball.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

STORE NAME



Offer limited to one \$1 refund per family. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1967. Applies to following basketballs and basketball kits only: BKT00, RAL10, RAL15, RAL20, RAL25, RAL30, RAL35, RAL40, RAL45, RAL50, RAL55, RAL60, RAL65, RAL70, RAL75, RAL80, RAL85, RAL90, RAL95, RAL100. Excludes box top as proof of purchase.

*Every purchase of Seamless's Maurice Stokes Ball adds to the contribution fund for this great player through the basketball.

**IF YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE MORE
THAN ONE IDEA IN ONE DAY,
WE'LL GIVE YOU THE TIME TO HAVE THEM.**

We thought that would interest you.

Especially in light of the fact that having ideas is what got you where you are and having ideas is going to get you where you're going.

The only trouble is, when it comes to finding time to have those ideas there's a fly in the ointment. The time is seldom there. One of the reasons it's seldom there is because you, like most people in offices today, are processing your 1967 thoughts at a 1930 pace.

You write them down and give them to your secretary to type and, if there are changes or mistakes, retype. Or you dictate them to your secretary for typing and retyping.

Both things are working against you. Because both things take needless hours.

And that's where we come in.

Using IBM dictation equipment you can get your thoughts recorded four times faster than you can write them down. And very nearly twice as fast as you can by dictating to your secretary.

And with the IBM MT/ST (a rather remarkable automatic typewriter that takes a secretary's rough draft

and types it back error-free at the rather remarkable rate of a page every two minutes), your secretary can get those thoughts out the door in final form, including your revisions, in half the time.

Not only do you gain time by getting your thoughts recorded faster, but your secretary gains time by not having to take dictation and by getting your thoughts typed faster, which in turn leaves her more time to assist you in other areas, which gives you even more time to have the thoughts you're paid to have.

One of the things you might think about in the additional time we've given you is this: Used systematically throughout an office, these two pieces of IBM equipment alone have increased people's productivity by 50%.

If that gives you any ideas about calling in your IBM Office Products Division Representative, don't hesitate to pick up the phone. He's paid to have ideas too.

Machines should work. People should think.

OFFICE PRODUCTS DIVISION, 590 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

IBM

The IBM Selectric® Typewriter
The typewriter that
eliminates jamming
and lets you change
type faces in
seconds.

IBM Desk Top
and Cordless
Dictation
Units. Four
times faster
than writing it
down and almost
twice as fast as
dictating
to a
secretary.



The IBM MT/ST. The typewriter that turns
rough drafts into perfect copy. Automatically.

THE GIANTS GROW UP

New York was more like a team of pygmies before scrambling Fran Tarkenton and, of all things, a rapidly jelling defense put it in the thick of its division race and—crazy!—maybe something more **by MARK MULVOY**

Taped to the shelf in the locker-room stall of every New York Giants football player is an 11-by-14-inch sheet of Thermo-Faxed paper with an ominous headline: "Adversity breaks some men, other men break records." It serves as a daily reminder to the Giants that 1) they won only one football game last season and 2) their coach, Allie Sherman, does not particularly like Sunday afternoon sing-alongs in Yankee Stadium, especially when 63,000 people serenade him with a crude Bronx rendition of *Goulden, Allie*.

"I read that line about adversity every day when I come in here to take my clothes off for practice," says Homer Jones, the Giants' superb pass receiver, "and then again when I put them back on to go home. I can't get it out of my mind. It's always there, staring at me."

This year the Giants have not, for the most part, set any records, but they have defeated adversity, as well as six opponents so far. Suddenly, and possibly prematurely, they have come of age, a fact that became abundantly clear last Sunday afternoon in Yankee Stadium, which has been a graveyard since the almost simultaneous collapse of the Yankees' empire in baseball and the Giants' dynasty in football four years ago. Playing their best game in a long, long time, the Giants reminded a raucous crowd of resurrected rooters of the joyous days of Y. A. Tittle, Andy Robustelli and Sam Huff as they trounced the Philadelphia Eagles 44-7. The game between old and supposedly evenly matched rivals never was a contest.

The New York heroes were many: scrambling Fran Tarkenton throwing to Jones and to Aaron Thomas and Bobby Crespino; Ernie Koy and Joe Morrison breaking through wide holes for sizable gains on almost every carry. (The Giants scored the first seven times they owned the football.) And then there was the defense. Until this Sunday the defense had not played well enough to stop an office touch team, let alone the Packers or the Cowboys. It was so bad that no matter how many points the Giants put up on the score-board, the team was always in serious trouble, either winning games by 38-34 or 27-24, or losing them by similarly inflated scores. Against the Eagles, though, the Giants played defense as they had when Robustelli and Huff were names more revered than Merlin Olsen and Dick Butkus. Glen Condon and Bob Lurtsema harassed Norman Snead, the Eagles' inconsistent quarterback, with totally unexpected viciousness, and both Freeman White and Scott Eaton hounded Ben Hawkins, Philadelphia's leading receiver, so persistently that he did not catch anything longer than a 12-yard pass all afternoon. And both of them intercepted passes themselves.

So what did Sherman think about his defense? "Well, even when we were leading 37-7 right after the half, I didn't feel secure," he said. "How could I after some of the things that have happened to us this year?"

Sherman need look only to himself for an answer. He has done a masterful

job in rebuilding a football team that was wrecked by old age, bad trades and injuries. The Giants won four of five Eastern Conference championships from 1959 through 1963, but then in 1964, as everything came apart, they won only two games and finished in last place. The following season began what Sherman hoped would be the era of the Baby Bulls—Running Backs Tucker Frederickson, Koy and Chuck Mercein—and New York won seven games. But last year its luck turned sour. Frederickson hurt his knee, Koy had a series of misfortunes, Mercein proved a step too slow and Sherman discovered that, while he did not have a competent quarterback, he had thousands of competent—not to say noisy—detractors.

During the winter New York traded for Quarterback Tarkenton, who wanted to get away from Norm Van Brocklin and the Vikings, and on paper, at least, the Giants were somewhat respectable again. "When you have a class quarterback running your team," says Sherman, "you have a chance to win faster. People criticized us for giving up so much for Tarkenton [the first two draft choices last year and a bonus pick this season], but we needed a quarterback who could help us grow as a team. Fran has done that. You know, they all talk about his scrambling, but he still runs a football team. That's what we needed."

continued

Dodging out of pocket, Tarkenton (19) consistently hit Homer Jones (45) and Aaron Thomas (88), beating Philadelphia with artful passes.





Sherman also revamped his coaching staff. The most important change was the appointment of Harland Sware, a defensive master, in place of Pop Ivy.

Jim Katewage was back at defensive end, while Henry Carr was at one corner-back position and Spider Lockhart was set at safety. They were solid. The rest of the defense, however, was a smorgasbord, as the coaches tried different players every week, hoping to settle on a regular defensive unit before the season began. The worst blow and the biggest break occurred when Mike Ciccollella, who had won the middle-linebacker job, was hurt a week before the first game. Cleveland obligingly presented the Giants with Vince Costello, an established middle linebacker, in Ciccollella's place. Next New York obtained Lurtsema, a rookie, from the Colts, giving up a draft choice. Scott Eaton, a low draft choice the year before, developed immediately and won a starting job in the secondary. Bill Swain moved in at left linebacker, and Ken Avery, a tough rookie from Southern Mississippi, took over at right linebacker. Sherman decided to experiment with Jim Moran, a huge (6'5", 275 pounds) disappointment for three years, at left tackle, and suddenly Moran began to play like Dick Modzelewski had back in the late '50s.

In addition to finding the right people for the right positions, Sware changed the Giants' entire defensive theory. Under Ivy, they had been primarily a blitzing team, and therefore one with weaknesses in its total defense. Sware has practically eliminated the blitz from New York's bag of tricks, concentrating, instead, on containment by having his defenders attempt to read keys.

"It was," Sware says, "a gradual education. One department would improve, but another would be swimming around hopelessly. The key to a good defense is knowing what the other players with you will do in certain situations. It was going to take time to get this into our system, but we had time."

Sure enough, the defense has improved gradually, despite injuries to Lockhart, Carr and Moran. "Last year and for a while this year I was not playing a game

out on the field," says Condren, the Giants' defensive right end. "I was getting a lesson. Now I've learned enough so the backs run my way."

Throughout this period of defensive adjustment, the offense, pro football's most explosive, managed to maintain its potency. Frederickson played as he had in 1965 until he injured his other knee two weeks ago and was lost for the season. Koy mysteriously developed into the power back he was supposed to be. Morrison, the versatile handyman, played everywhere with great effectiveness, and soccer-style Place-kicker Pete Gogolak returned. If you remember, he almost ruined the AFL-NFL merger when he jumped from the Buffalo Bills to the Giants before the 1966 season. Gogolak, in the Army, flies to New York every Friday night to kick for the Giants on Sunday. He missed the Giants' first five games, and they lost two of them partly because of faulty kickoffs and missed field goals. "It's not how many field goals someone kicks," says Sherman, "it's when he kicks them. When you need a field goal and don't get it, it completely disrupts momentum. Gogolak gets field goals when we need them." He kicked three against Philadelphia, one when the Giants, leading 7-0, were stopped on a march. In came Gogolak. He hooked the ball across the goalposts from 17 yards and the rout was on.

But it was Tarkenton-to-Jones, currently the most feared combination in the NFL, that the Eagles worked all last week on stopping. "We'll try to do what the Bears did to Tarkenton," said Coach Joe Kuharich. "The best way to stop Tarkenton is to pressure him from the outside, force him around the middle and cut off his escape routes."

Sometimes the best laid plans go wrong. On the game's first play, Tarkenton, operating as though he had guessed Philadelphia's evil intentions, threw a screen pass to Morrison. The play would have gone for 20 yards had Morrison not mishandled the ball, and it was an indication of things to come.

On the next play, with the Eagles set to storm in with seven men, Tarkenton faked to Morrison and sent Koy on a trap over the unprotected middle—everyone was tackling Tarkenton—for 45 yards. The Eagles pressed Tarkenton again, and this time he hit Morrison on a screen pass for another first down. On

the Giants' fifth offensive play of the game, Tarkenton and Jones combined perfectly on a typical Tarkenton scramble. The play called for Jones, who was spread to the left, to take one step out, cut at a 45° angle toward the middle of the field and then—three strides later—slant across and down. Tarkenton was pressured by the Eagles' defensive charge, so he rolled back and then to his right. Jones, noticing this, continued across the field. Instantly Tarkenton hit him with a pass just inside the out-of-bounds chalk, and the Giants had another first down. They scored their first touchdown a few plays later.

When Tarkenton does what his impulses—not the planned play—tell him to do, he is almost impossible to defend against. But when he relies on a disciplined, ball-control game, as he has had to do at times this year because of the inconsistent Giant defense, he is much less effective. Against the Eagles he played his type of game all day.

It was a help that the Eagles sometimes double- and triple-teamed Jones. They not only failed to stop him, they also permitted Tarkenton to hit Crespiro and Thomas, who were often left uncovered on third-down situations. To cover Jones, the Eagles sent a linebacker against him at scrimmage, then had a corner back pick him up almost instantly and the safety ready to help. Jones beat this easily, once for 63 yards and his second touchdown of the game.

Now the Giants are in second place in the Century Division of the NFL's Eastern Conference, a game behind the Cleveland Browns, whom they play this Sunday in Cleveland. Under the old conference setup, both the Giants and the Browns would be hopelessly chasing Dallas. This year, though, Dallas is in the Capitol Division and, in fact, only a game away from that championship. If the Giants, who beat the Browns a few weeks ago, can win against Cleveland again, they conceivably could take their division championship and advance to the playoff against Dallas. And maybe the NFL championship? And maybe the Super Bowl? Crazy? Sure is. But so is the Giants' offense. And now the defense is getting that way.

"I don't think," said Condren last Sunday, "we'll be reading any more funny headlines about the, ahem, Giant defense." Seems not.

END

Place-kicker Pete Gogolak follows through on first of three field goals against Eagles.

A STEP TO AN OLYMPIC BOYCOTT

A group of Negroes meeting in Los Angeles overwhelmingly decided to pass up the Olympic Games. But only a few potential Olympians were on hand, and no one is sure how effective the strike will be **by JOHNATHAN RODGERS**

At 2 o'clock on Thanksgiving Day afternoon about 200 people attending a meeting of the Western Regional Black Youth Conference gathered in a Sunday School room on the second floor of the Second Baptist Church in Los Angeles for a workshop that had been assembled for the express purpose of deciding whether or not to call for a boycott of the 1968 Olympic Games by U.S. Negro athletes. Many of those at the workshop wore colorful African shirts, and most wore their hair in the "natural" style. Some wore Malcolm X and Ron Karenga sweat shirts, and a variety of slogan buttons were in evidence. Reportedly, there were 50 college athletes present, but only five—Sprinters Tommie Smith and Lee Evans, Basketball Star Lew Alcindor, High Jumper Otis Burrell and Hurdler Ron Copeland—were of world class. A few ex-Olympians also were in attendance. The workshop was an orderly one, although outside the church a bloody fracas erupted between militant Black Power followers of Karenga and a group of self-styled Communists which referred to the Negroes at the meeting as "bourgeois." Those inside were unaware of the disturbance until it was over.

Harry Edwards, a 24-year-old part-time instructor of sociology at San Jose State, was chairman of the workshop. Edwards is a compelling figure and a celebrity on the San Jose campus. He is 6'8", wears horn-rimmed glasses and a goatee, and was a star athlete at San Jose—a center on the basketball team and holder of the San Jose record for the discus throw—before going on to Cornell for his advanced degrees (he has his master's in sociology and will receive his Ph.D. in a few months). In September he gained national attention when he led a campus protest against alleged discrimination in housing for Negro students. His threat to take the protest into the stadium led to the cancellation of a San Jose football game.

On the Tuesday before the boycott meeting, students at San Jose were in the second day of a protest against the presence on the campus of Dow Chemical Company recruiters. As the pickets paraded, some white faculty members came over and spoke to Edwards about the demonstration, nodding as they listened to his comments. A few white students stopped and said, "tell us what to do, Harry." He smiled and replied, "Act intelligent."

After the demonstration he discussed the impending workshop, which he had

played a big part in organizing. He said, "For years we have participated in the Olympic Games, carrying the U.S. on our backs with our victories, and race relations are worse now than ever. Now they are even shooting people in the streets. We're not trying to lose the Olympics for the Americans. What happens to them is immaterial. If they finish first, that's beautiful. If they finish 14th, that's beautiful, too. But it's time for the black people to stand up as men and women and refuse to be utilized as performing animals for a little extra dog food. You



Wearing a Malcolm X button, animated Professor Harry Edwards made a point as Tommie

see, this may be our last opportunity to settle this mess short of violence."

Edwards teaches a class on minority group relations, and that night his subject was the Jew in American society. After his preliminary lecture he led the class in a spirited discussion. One of his students was Lee Evans, who would be the fastest quarter-miler in the world if Tommie Smith wasn't. Evans sat in the back of the room taking notes. Two or three times he closed his notebook and looked at the numerals he had inked in large letters on the cover: 44.3. That is world record time and Evans' goal in the 440. Whenever he looked at it, he could not have helped thinking ahead to the meeting on Thanksgiving Day.

After the class, Evans said, "I first thought about boycotting track meets last year when I found out they had invited Paul Nash from South Africa to compete in the Compton Relays. We brought him here, but I can't even go into his

country. I've dreamed about participating in the Olympics ever since I learned to run. But this does not mean participation at any price, and my own manhood is not one of the prices I am willing to pay."

Evans went over to Smith's apartment to talk about the trip to Los Angeles. Like college kids, they joked and fooled around for a few minutes, but then both became serious, Smith said. "I remember that day in Tokyo last summer, after the World University Games, when a Japanese newspaperman asked me if there was a possibility Negro athletes might boycott the 1968 Olympics. All I told him that day was, 'yes, there is a possibility,' and the next thing I know the newspapers say I'm leading a boycott movement."

"I can't tell another black athlete that it is his duty to forget a goal he has sought for himself. In fact, I hope a boycott won't be needed to bring about the necessary changes in our country. But if a boycott is deemed appropriate, then I believe most black athletes will act in unison."

In Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day Harry Edwards ran the workshop in much the same way he conducts his classes at San Jose. He spoke first and, in effect, gave a lecture for about 30 minutes. Then he turned the session into a discussion group, with most of the speakers sounding off as they stood by their seats. Edwards was strongly pro-boycott ("We want to get this problem into the world court," he had said before the meeting. "We want to show the world that the United States is just as racist as South Africa ever hoped to be"), but he ran the meeting smoothly, and both pro- and anti-boycott opinions were heard. The arguments against the boycott, or for some compromise course, were raised by the older people present, those in their late 20s and early 30s. The younger ones, the majority, were strongly for it.

At 4:37, more than 2½ hours after the meeting had begun, Edwards asked, "Well, what do you want to do?" Immediately, shouts of "Boycott! Boycott!" rose from all parts of the room, and the decision was made by acclamation. The Olympic boycott was tied in with two others—a refusal to take part in any event in which there were participants from South Africa and Rhodesia, and a

boycott of events connected with the New York Athletic Club, which Edwards declared restricted its membership to white Christians.

There were few voiced objections. Tommie Smith had gone on record as saying that if the majority voted to boycott, he would, too, and that seemed to be the spirit that prevailed. Lew Alcindor voted for it, although the next day at a press conference he seemed uncertain of his position. He said then that he had yet to decide what he would do but added, "If you live in a racist society, you have to react—and this is my way of reacting. We don't catch hell because we are Christians. We catch hell because we are black."

Yet the arguments and the vote did not appear strong enough or loud enough in the days following the meeting to gain the unanimous support that Smith, for one, had hoped for. Ralph Boston, Olympic champion and world record holder in the broad jump, said, "What boycott? I've put too much time and effort into track and field to give it up. If I felt there was sufficient reason I would boycott, but I don't even know what the reason is. At least Negroes have this much, we can compete in amateur sports and we can represent ourselves and then the country."

Triple Jumper Art Walker, who is America's best in that event, said, "I believe every person has to do what his conscience tells him to do. Mine tells me to go to the Olympics."

Former Olympians like Bob Hayes, Rufer Johnson and Jesse Owens spoke out against the decision, too, though white hurdler Richmond Flowers of Tennessee said, "It's their right. As long as they want to do it, I guess they can."

When Evans left Smith's apartment in San Jose two nights before the meeting, optimism was in their eyes. In Los Angeles, as the workshop ended, they stood together looking at the people milling around. Only moments before, the boycott had been roaringly approved, but now that it had been decided the faces of these two superb athletes, the ones who had most to sacrifice personally, seemed drawn and tired. Their eyes were shallow, devoid of any sign of joy or elation. Smith looked wearily around the hall and said softly to Evans, "All I hope is that this does some good, that it doesn't create any chaos." **END**



Smith, world record sprinter, gravely listened.



Yale came up with somebody to shout about as Quarterback Brian Dowling (above) climaxed a heady season by beating rambunctious Harvard with a long, long last-chance pass that was The Play of The Game **by DAN JENKINS**

BLUE POWER WINS A BOWL GAME

There, now, stood Brian Dowling in the gangrened old Yale Bowl, his arm outstretched, upraised, a ball attached to the end of it, looking for all the world like the cover of the 1936 *Illustrated Football Annual*. Down the sidelines, meanwhile, this big end was lumbering, head lowered, limbs rotating, as if he actually had faith that Dowling would throw the pass 50 yards over the clouds in these last minutes to beat Harvard. So, with a beautiful grunt, Dowling heaved the football. And as it soared and soared, loyal Bulldogs in the thoroughly wrung-out crowd had visions of Bill Mallory and Bruce Caldwell and Albion Booth and Clint Frank go dancing through their heads. And, finally, when it came down, Yale won a thing called The Game 24-20, and suddenly something was more important on Wall Street than Britain's devaluation.

Brian Dowling is what is more important. He is daring and cool and won-

derful. He is, as they say at the tail-gate picnics before Ivy League games, simply marvelous. He is a junior quarterback who runs just fast enough to get away from people, who throws just well enough to complete the big ones and who has this winning electricity about him. Dowling has made Yale an eastern power again, and already he makes the collegiate football fan eager for 1968.

Although he has another season of eligibility, there is no assurance that Dowling will be around for next year. He is a football hero who, during his career, has bruised a kidney, chipped his backbone, torn a knee, broken a collarbone, broken his nose and broken a hand. Because of these inconveniences, he missed $7\frac{1}{2}$ games last season and Yale was pretty ordinary. He also missed the first three games this year, and Yale was no better. Ah, but then.

In the past six games Dowling led Yale past Columbia, Cornell, Dart-

mouth, Penn, Princeton and Harvard to its first Ivy League championship since 1960. He did it by running and passing for more than 900 yards and for 13 touchdowns. Dowling's big plays resulted in Yale averaging 35.5 points per game, which is a lot of points against Vassar or anybody, and posting an 8-1 season record. Without a great amount of exaggeration, he can be called the most exciting back in the lives since Princeton's Dick Kazmaier. And if he stays whole next year, the fun conference will have an authentic All-America candidate, because Brian Dowling could play for almost anybody.

Despite his build of 6'2" and 190 pounds, Dowling does not present a football player's image. He has the smooth muscles and relaxed carriage of a country club athlete, the dark eyes and black, slightly curly hair of a choirboy, the pose and affable manner of a ship's purser. He grins a lot. And he

says of something as stimulating as his winning touchdown pass against Harvard: "The law of averages was with me because I'd thrown so many bad ones earlier."

Dowling had offers from at least 60 colleges after becoming a high school star at Cleveland's St. Ignatius. He seriously considered USC, Michigan, Ohio State and Northwestern, and Notre Dame wanted him as badly as it wanted Terry Hanratty. But Dowling's father proved a persuasive force in dispatching him to Yale. His father, who died a year ago, was the president of a steel-door company in Youngstown, and he insisted on paying his son's way to Yale because, as he said to Brian at the time, "Why not go first class?"

"I wasn't sure I'd made the right choice for a while," Dowling says. "I really wanted to play big-time football. But now I'm happy."

Not as happy as Yale, however. Dowling's unprettily but effective passing and his free-lance scampering around, which is reminiscent of Navy's Roger Staubach, the rover boy of the early 1960s, resurrected a Bulldog spirit these past few weeks that has surprised the students themselves. All of a sudden they were holding rallies, parading, serenading, waving banners and wearing buttons just like the folks at Berkeley, but for an altogether different reason. As Yale Publicity Director Charley Loftus said, "Brian Dowling is our hippie."

Dowling was primarily responsible for the fact that even though the Bulldogs had already won the Ivy championship, the Yale Bowl cracked with 68,000 last Saturday for the Harvard game.

There are those, of course, who insist that every Yale-Harvard game has been a classic since the first one in 1875 when the Crimson won by a score listed in the records as "4g 4t to 0g 0t." It is doubtful, however, if many have been more dramatic than last week's. Though Ivy teams do not have the depth of most major colleges, they have a commendable amount of skill on the starting units, and in games such as Yale-Harvard there is enough fundamental hitting to please even a Bear Bryant. This enthusiasm was more than evident as the Yales and Harvards swarmed after one another in the mud and cold air of New Haven.

But it cannot be suggested that Ivy games have lost their humor. For example, with so much expected of him, Dow-

ling threw two interceptions and no completions in his first five tries. Yale managed its first touchdown drive only after Dowling finally hit on a pass to End Bruce Weinstein in the middle of a mudhole. Encouraged, Yale kept moving until Halfback Jim Fisher fumbled as he crossed the goal line—plot—right into the arms of Yale End Del Marting for a touchdown.

The hilarity continued in the second quarter when Dowling faded back to pass from his own 47 and got trapped. He ran left and escaped a tackler. He ran backwards and pulled away from another. He ran to the right and got away from still another. Players were scattered everywhere now, a mosaic of blue, white and red dots, bodies twisting and heads spinning. It looked like a massive gymnastics exhibition. Still running but calm—ever calm—Dowling threw the ball to Halfback Calvin Hill, who took it 53 yards for a touchdown. "We do that a lot," Hill explained later. "It's kind of a play. Dowling gets in trouble and I wave my hand and he throws it to me."

Soon Yale was ahead 17-0, but for the next 20 minutes or so the game was all Harvard's as the likes of Ric Zimmerman, Vic Gatto and Ray Hornblower combined their splendid abilities to drive 80 yards, 80 more, 88 and 40, getting three touchdowns and taking the lead in a game that had been a Yale rout. There were less than three minutes left when Yale, trailing 17-20, took the kickoff and had the ball on its own 23-yard line. But that was plenty of time for Dowling, who said later, "I knew we would score," even though at that point he had thrown more completions to Harvard than he had to Yale. Like four.

Dowling trotted lazily onto the field and moved his team in two plays to the 34 and a first down. Then, in the huddle, he said, "Sprint Right on two." That was the name of the play, Sprint Right. He also told his end, Marting, to run as far as he could down the sideline. Dowling took the snap and sprinted right, but he stopped. He waited. He looked back to his left. Then he reared and threw that long pass right into Marting's hands, a 66-yard strike for the winning touchdown. Up in the press box Charley Loftus ran down the aisle saying, "He got mixed up on his timing. Frank Merriwell would have waited until there were only seven seconds left."

But even at that Harvard would not subside. Back came the Crimson up the field for one last, epic try. It ended on the Yale 10-yard line when Harvard Fullback Ken O'Connell fumbled, but with less finesse than Yale's Fisher had displayed. Instead of a touchdown, Harvard lost the ball and The Game.

Later on, in the Yale locker room, where Coach Carmen Cozza's team was celebrating with champagne and cigars, Dowling talked to a cluster of journalists. He had had a very poor day, he thought. And he wouldn't get to revel in whatever glory there was for long, he said, seeing as how he was going out for basketball on Tuesday.

As Dowling spoke, another Yale player intruded. It was Ed Franklin, the safety. He surveyed the reporters and said, "Now, gentlemen, I know you've been waiting for my views on Vietnam."

Basketball on Tuesday? A crack about Vietnam? This after such a rousing victory? Sure. Where do you think this was? Tuscaloosa?

END



O'Connell fumbled away Harvard's last hope.

Welcome to Year Two in



Mike Gossy, Kentucky

Calvin Murphy, Niagara



Rich Bradshaw, Kansas

Rick Mount, Purdue



"There is no good in arguing with the inevitable," James Russell Lowell wrote a few years before the game of basketball was created. "The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat." So, if everyone will put on his overcoat, we will examine the coming college basketball season, not pausing to debate the inevitability of another NCAA title for UCLA. Anyone who does want to argue is invited to turn to page 44 and read what good fortune has befallen Lew Alcindor and his team-

mates, not that they needed it. Having seen UCLA beat Houston in the NCAA semifinals last March, most of the college coaches in attendance grabbed for their overcoats and departed Louisville before the last, official slaughter (of Dayton) even began the next night. The lesson was clear. When it is so obviously a case of wait until the year after the year after next, it is best to bundle up straightaway and get right on to the business of the future, recruiting and hoping. But basketball coaches are resilient. For the most part, they are former playmakers and hustlers—little guys who survived in a big man's game by using their heads. Already they have put Alcindor out of their minds, except as a sort of distant threat, like the Chinese masses or air pollution. The fans, thriving on the

the Reign of King Lew

emotional effusion of the sport, will gladly take a December winner at face value. If their team is still a winner in March, they will turn to the delusion that someone has to beat UCLA, so why not us? The fervor that surrounds the game is not diminished by the presence of one dominant team and player, nor by the fact that the antique, cozy snake pits are rapidly being replaced by airy, impersonal, new arenas. Basketball creates such ardor that it could be used as therapy for the congenitally listless. Still, it is all to the good that this year an exceptional group of sophomores—just a few are shown on these pages—are moving up, strengthening their teams and even making conference contenders of last season's also-rans. One, Calvin Murphy of Niagara, who flips batons and shoots baskets with equal facility, is, in fact, a good bet to become the first sophomore to win the national scoring title since Oscar Robertson accomplished that a decade ago. On the ensuing pages are a visit with Oklahoma State's Henry Iba, the much copied apostle of control basketball; scouting reports on the best teams in the nation; and a marshaling of the arguments about raising the baskets to 12 feet, a subject that engrosses more thoughtful coaches each year.



Charlie Scott, UNC



Jeff Pense, Princeton



Perry Wallace, Vanderbilt



Jim Aft, Cincinnati

The Man Who Said 'Control the Ball'

BY TOM C. BRODY



High priest of a basketball cult, Henry Iba demands that his teams complement their disciplined style with superior conditioning. The result: 619 Oklahoma State wins—after some very strenuous workouts.

For a basketball player, there really is no season. All it takes is the availability of a ball and a basket. For the addicted, the urge to put that ball in that basket is irresistible. By NCAA legislation, however, the 15th of October is the day—the awful, wonderful, magic day of reckoning when basketball coaches are allowed to summon their squads and begin preparing them for a season. For six

weeks the tallest boys on campus huff up and down steps of empty arenas, race up and down courts and strain through calisthenics, all this soundless except for the squeak of sneakers on polished floors and the exasperated cries of coaches who see disaster in every double dribble. Turn *that* bunch into a team in six weeks? Oh, brother.

At Oklahoma State University, fall

practice is a very special time. Though the ritual is being performed on campuses all over the country, there is a distinctive urgency to it at OSU. There has been for 34 years.

In 1934 Henry Payne Iba came to the land-grant university at Stillwater—it was called Oklahoma A&M then—to coach basketball, and there has been nothing casual about the game there

continued

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT WEAVER







HENRY IBA *continued*

since. (Acquaintances of Iba's impress their friends by calling him Hank. Intimates call him Henry. Players and graduates never stop calling him Mr. Iba.) An easygoing, country-boy aura surrounds Henry Iba, but do not let that fool you if you coach this game. Watch the eyes—those clear, steady, gray eyes. They miss nothing, and while he is charming you with an impish smile, he is figuring out a way to beat your brains out on a basketball court. It is a single-minded and uncompromising approach that has brought him 731 victories (619 at OSU, 112 others at Colorado University, where he coached for a year, and Maryville College in Missouri, where he coached for four years), two national championships and 15 conference championships. Among active coaches, only Adolph Rupp has won more (760).

There is obvious distinction to winning 731 games, but what makes Iba's reign memorable is how he won them. The term now is ball control—or slowdown or stall—depending on whether you are a critic or a fan. No matter. Henry Iba invented it, polished it and displayed it, and its influence on the game has been so pervasive that all you have to say a out a team in Maine, Moscow or Manila is that it plays Iba-style ball and everyone knows what you're talking about. And a lot of teams have been playing it since the Iba philosophy began to be carried out of the Southwest by converts and OSU graduates. In recent years Texas Western used it to win the NCAA title, and Cincinnati upset the fine Ohio State teams of 1961 and 1962 the same way for the same championship.

Still, the cry of the run-and-shoot set is, "Who needs it?" The go-go-goers think of the Iba shuffle along with bathtub gin and boop-boop-a-doop. "Iba gets a three-point lead," they also say, "and he lets the air out of the ball." There is truth in both views.

It was 40 years ago that Iba decided he was going to control the game. "We're not going to play them," is the first thing he tells his team every year. "They're going to play us." Faced with such a foe, opposing coaches who are wild to set scoring records often find themselves

continued

Across central campus, passing the Student Union, basketball star Joe Smith escorts a coed to her next classroom



HENRY IBA *continued*

forced into trying to beat Iba at his own game, which is hard to do when you haven't practiced it. Having lost the opening game to Kansas, OSU is practicing for the five minutes OSU spends setting up a basket—preferably a layup.

If they find that exasperating, they are hardly better off when they get the ball. Then they have to contend with a team that spends as much time practicing defense as offense. Getting off a shot against a representative OSU team is an accomplishment. As for garbage points—forget it. Iba does not always have the tall, quick shooters and jumpers you need to win championships but, runt or giant, an

OSU player rarely makes a mistake. He is sloppy only once—before he is yanked out of the game—and never, never is he

It is a question of discipline. It starts on the opening day of practice when Iba lets his players know exactly what is expected of them. There is a short talk, and that is the last time the players will sit down in old Gallagher Hall for the next six weeks. From then on there will be motion—up stairs, down stairs; up court with ball, without ball, singly, in pairs, in a crowd—and always at full speed. The Iba style is physically demanding, and it is his theory that the fit are not born,

they are made. Of course, any good team is well conditioned. Iba simply carries the idea several steps further.

plays that include the setting up of picks and screens, all with the idea of getting one man free for only the easiest kind of shot. "It's free lance with screens," says Iba, but there is very little free lance involved. Let a player ignore the master plan, and Iba reacts immediately. "Cut that out," is the preamble, and it is followed by an in-depth critique of what the player did wrong. "I'm not against shooting," Iba insists. "I'm against bad shooting. I want my boys to shoot. I love



A believer in competition even in drills, Ibe pairs players for wind sprints. Player running up and down steps will be called by Ibe if he skips just one.

Knowing what is expected of them, OSU athletes get in shape before formal practice begins. Jack Herron and Herb Westmoreland work out on Lewis Field





my boys to shoot. But glory be, make it a good shot—his shot."

A sloppy play on a basketball court—anyone's basketball court—makes Iba physically ill. "I've seen Mr. Iba cringe," says his assistant, Sam Aubrey, "when the *other* team makes a mistake."

If that seems to hint at a philosophical approach toward losing, it is misleading. Twenty-four years ago Iba came to Washington, D.C. for a game with George Washington University with what was then his best team, led by Bob Kurland, the first of the good seven-footers. The next year this team won the NCAA title, but that night GW upset it by four points and the crowd literally went berserk. Fans swarmed out of the stands and onto the court, laughing, crying, singing, hugging players while the band pumped out *Happy Days Are Here Again*—18 straight times.

Later that night on the train back to Chicago, Iba was slumped in a seat, his hat pulled over his eyes. Suddenly he sat up and said, "Those people sure were happy [pause]. I don't believe I've ever seen a happier group of people [pause]. Hell, we can't go around the country making people happy."

Iba has never been known as a bundle of laughs in the enemy camp. And it is one of his traits to be at his most unsettling against teams he has no business beating. Kansas, for instance, came into Stillwater 10 years ago with Wilt Chamberlain on its team and a national championship on its mind. "We can gang up on Wilt," Iba told his players, "and slough off the others. Or, we can give Wilt his 30 and hound the other four right into the floor." Iba decided on the latter. With three minutes left in the game, Wilt had his 32 points. And the rest of the Kansas players had gotten the Iba treatment and a total of 22. Kansas had been averaging 73 points a game, but its 54 was the same as OSU's. At that point the Jayhawks still had Chamberlain but OSU had the ball, and this situation never has done much for a rival's national ranking. Kansas knew what was coming—mostly nothing, until an OSU player would have a shot he almost never missed. With two seconds left, OSU had worked Mel Wright free at the top of the circle. Zap, he had

the ball. Zap, he let go his jumper, a shot he made nine out of 10 times in practice. And Kansas was beaten.

The past two seasons have not been winning ones at OSU, and the murmuring has begun that Iba has lost his touch, that ball control is old-fashioned. While everyone is following UCLA's lead with varieties of pressing defenses all over the court, Henry is still back there defending on his half of the floor only. The sport, say his critics, has passed old Henry by. (The U.S. Olympic Committee, incidentally, doesn't quite agree. It made Iba head coach in 1964.) Finally, even Iba's friends ask, "Where are all the good players that used to show up regularly at the OSU campus?"

Iba's answer to the last point is: "In the old days, the name of the game was coaching. Now? Now, it's recruiting. And I've been lazy. I used to be able to see a boy in June, ask him to come to OSU and, by golly, there he'd be come fall. Now, after I see a boy, I've got to hound him and flatter him, flatter his parents, flood him with letters. God help us—don't let him forget old OSU! Truthfully, I haven't done the job until recently. But I'm not ready to retire. No, sir, if recruiting is the game, then I'll recruit."

There really is no point in asking Henry Iba if he is also going to switch to run-and-shoot basketball, just because it is now fashionable—if he is going to let his players go hell-for-leather down the floor ready to get off any kind of shot as quickly as possible. "Cut that out," he will say. Several years ago, after a losing game at Missouri in which OSU had given up 82 points—about what rivals used to get in a whole season against him—Iba decided what had to be done. Before the next game, also on the road at Kansas, he hustled his players into the gym and said, "Gents, this is a basketball. For the next three hours you are going to dribble it. You are going to pass it. And you will be allowed to shoot it exactly 30 times. So make them good shots. Make them *very* good shots."

The following night OSU took 19 very good shots in the first half and 18 very good shots in the second half. The score was OSU 54—Kansas 49. That's what Henry Iba still thinks about ball control.

As for the new pressing defenses, Iba has a surprise for his opponents this year. "I think the new defenses are terrific," he told a stunned audience the other day. Could this be the same man who, only

months ago, had castigated the press and insisted that if referees called fouls correctly, pressing defenders would foul out of games within minutes? Would he actually use the press himself?

"Why not?" said Iba. "What I didn't like was all the fouling that went with it. It was a new thing and players were grabbing and hanging, and because it also was new to the referees they were not calling the fouls. The refs are used to it now, and so are the players. Actually, I would have come out with it before, except we didn't have the guards to handle it."

Two years ago only one player returned from the OSU squad that had won the Big Eight Conference in 1965. "We tried the press in practice," said Iba, "and my guards were left looking at each other at the wrong end of the floor. Last year we also lost our starting guards [Ken O'Neal had grade trouble, and Jack Herron came down with mononucleosis] and we not only couldn't press, we couldn't even play defense the conventional way. This year Herron is back, and we are generally faster and deeper. Oh, yes, we'll come out and get 'em this year." The conference is on notice.

Those who wish to interpret Iba's willingness to forswear his old principles about defense as a sign of mellowing should be on notice, too. Henry Iba still does not care to go around the country making people happy by losing. That never was and still is not a cheerful experience for OSU players. "You might get a Hershey bar on the way home," said Wilbur (Sparky) Sinkup, who played for Iba between 1929 and 1931 and is now the assistant athletic director at Missouri, "or you might not. No dinner. And I bet his disposition isn't any better now. We were coming back once after getting beat, in this old bus, and the kid who was driving—Henry was a menace behind the wheel—told the coach we needed gas. 'You're the driver, period,' Henry told him. 'I'll tell you when we need gas.' Five miles later the motor coughed, gurgled and quit. 'O.K., kid,' said Henry. 'Now I'm the driver. All of you, out. And push.'"

"But don't let anyone ever tell you we didn't think highly of him. I'll tell you something about Henry Iba. He won't listen to a single bad word about any kid who ever played basketball for him. I once raised a question about one of his old boys, and Henry looked me straight in the eye and said: 'Wilbur, he played for us, didn't he?'" **END**

Westmoreland relaxes in dorm overlooking "beef barn," campus landmark at OSU, which stresses agriculture studies

Scouting Reports

AAWU

Just for the record, UCLA has Lew Alcindor, which is almost enough right there. It also has Lynn Shackelford, who hits long, high-arc jump shots when defenses collapse on Lew. Lucius Allen, who averaged 16 points as a sophomore; Ken Heitz, a defensive specialist who also can score, and Mike Warren, the quick, expert ball handler. And a good 6'8" sophomore, Steve

Patterson. And a fine coach, Johnny Wooden, and a beautiful campus arena. And all the tea in China. It adds up to another NCAA title, which will be the Bruins' (and Wooden's) fourth in five years.

But, just as if some billionaire died and left his fortune to J. Paul Getty, basketball's richest is getting even richer. Back after missing a year are two exceptional players—6'6" Edgar Lacey, who had a knee injury, and 6'7" Mike Lynn, who was decried for being a naughty boy. Lacey was on the 1965 NCAA all-tournament team and led the Bruins in rebounding. Knowing he would have to battle Heitz, Shackelford and Lynn for a starting job, he has been working on his outside jump shot and on defense, which was not his forte. Lynn, who would be tough in the twin post with Lew, led the team in scoring and rebounding two years ago.

This is easily the finest collection of talent ever assembled at one school. "We're a great college team," says Wooden. "But we're going to meet a number of good college teams. One of them may have a great night when we're only good. Then we may be in trouble."

The Bruins open at Purdue, Wooden's old school. They play Houston in the Astrodome and meet Boston College and Holy Cross in Madison Square Garden. However, their toughest games (meaning those with less than 20-point victory margins) are likely to be right in their own Pacific Eight, against tall Washington State.

Coach Marvin Harshman's Cougars, hidden away in the wilds along the Washington-Idaho border, would be favored to win in many other conferences, mainly because of 6'9½" Jim McKean from Tacoma. McKean is a good shooter, but he gets so enmeshed by the end of the season that he has to relay the ball to the hoop by messenger. Last season he started at 215 pounds and faded away to 189. If the rabid fans in tiny Buhler Gymnasium yelled too loudly, he had trouble keeping his feet. This year, fortunately, Harshman seems to have the material to give McKean lots of rest.

Randy Scoll, a bulky 6'7" forward, decided to join Anaheim of the ABA rather than play his senior year in Pullman, but WSU still has 6'8" Ted Wiernan, a 235-pound honor student from Yakima. Wiernan was an all-state football player in high school

and used his muscles last season to be one of the league's best rebounders. Forward Blaine Ellis, 6'7", may lose his job to 6'6" sophomore Gary Elliot from Sandpoint, Idaho, who scored well as a freshman. Little Guard Ray Stein blanked UCLA's Lucius Allen in one game last season, and his backcourt running mate, Lenny Allen, is quick and expert on the fast break.

Washington State will be competing in one of the better holiday tournaments, the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore., against North Carolina, Princeton, Oregon State and Utah, among others. Right after that, on January 5, comes the trip to UCLA's Pauley Pavilion. The Bruins go to Pullman late in February and, if Wooden's wonders are ever going to be unshaken, that could be the time and place.

USC, which used a stall to force UCLA into a scary overtime last season, has all its starters back and one of the best freshman teams in the school's history to scrimmage against. It is a pity that Coach Bob Boyd had to start building up his alma mater's basketball program the same year Alcindor joined the varsity over in Westwood. In desperation, Boyd rounded up a flock of JC players, the best of whom was 6'7" Bill Hewitt, a dangerous man on offense, with his jump shot and quickness. Hewitt started his career by scoring 39 off Big Lew (and giving up 56), but other AAWU teams gave him trouble by using zone defenses. He discovered that he likes to dribble before shooting, and the zones tangled him up.

Boyd has fast, accurate-shooting guards in Steve Jennings and newcomer Mack Calvis, a JC transfer who should get more playing time than the other backcourt veterans. Center Ron Taylor, who has grown to 7'1", has also improved his mobility. "We want Ron aware of his potential," says Boyd, "and we're beginning to see some results. He worked hard all summer on shooting, moves, skipping rope and muscular development. He's greatly improved. The question to be answered is if it's enough to match that giant across town."

Boyd believes Alcindor is "the best player in the United States, and I don't mean just among the amateurs. Put Lew on any one of those or four clubs in the AAWU and it would be the team to beat. It might even be unbeaten." And with that UCLA bunch. . .



Though Cal may not contend for a title, shooter Rusty Cutchfield probably will. He is 5'10" but was second to Alcindor in scoring in the conference last season.

West Coast AC

Charles (Bud) Dgden, a 6'5" center-forward at Santa Clara University, is the son of a Congressional Medal of Honor winner; so far, Bud himself has earned a cluster of Purple Hearts in basketball. After starring at Lincoln High, in nearby San Jose, he was expected to do wondrous things for the Broncos freshmen. So he broke an ankle just after the season started. Before his first varsity season he dislocated his shoulder in an auto accident and did not play a single second. Last season he broke his nose, but he was able to stay in action. Finally, in a late-October scrimmage this year, he leaped to block a shot and slashed his shooting hand on the backboard. It took 22 stitches to sew him up. If he ever stays out of surgery long enough, he could lead Coach Dick Garibaldi's team to the title in the well-balanced West Coast Athletic Conference.

Bud scored 55 points in one game against Pepperdine. That was an agile but mid-sized senior pivotman. Now he is a forward, teaming with his little brother Ralph, a 6'5" sophomore who averaged 21 points on a freshman team that lost only one of 22 games. Garibaldi would like to move Ralph to the backcourt, where there is practically zero experience, but he has never played guard and did not look too good the few times he worked out there.

The man who has made it possible for Bud to move over to the corner is 6'9" Dennis Awney, still another San Jose product, who played on the fine freshman team with Ralph. Awney weighs about 230 and is a bit slow, but he does shoot well. "We've got a rookie team and we can't hide him," says Garibaldi. "He has a lot of experience to him." If his team mates don't let him down, Bud Dgden can always move back into the key and 6'6" Senior Bob Heinney, a tough offensive player, can step in at forward. Heinney broke his foot last season and missed all but four league games.

Two other Jesuit schools, USF and Loyola of L.A., will be in the running and shooting for the championship, too. At USF, Phil Vukobratovich, one of the top players in the school's rich basketball history, is in his second year as head coach and has all his starters back, plus a 6'9", 225-pound sophomore, Pete Cross, who is mean and ambitious. Pete's specialty is defensive rebounding, but he also averaged 18 points on the Don freshman team and performed well

against Santa Clara's Awney. He will have to beat out 6'5" Tom Brown, a 15-point scorer until he broke his elbow last season. USF has two of the best forwards in the conference in Dennis Black and Hawaiian Don Snyder, and an excellent outside shooter in Guard Art Walmore. Snyder, a 25-year-old Navy veteran, may be moved to the backcourt so Cross can get into the lineup. All this talent will be exhibited in no less than three tournaments—the new Cable Car Classic (for which USF is the host school), the Sun Bowl Tournament and the Seattle Legion Tournament. Vukobratovich believes playing in three a season will mean less travel (the team is in one place for two or three road games), good financial guarantees, more incentive and less overall home-court advantage for opponents.

Down at Loyola, the school that produced two of the best basketball coaches of the last 25 years—Pete Newell and Phil Woolpert—Coach Johnny Arndt has perhaps the cleverest player in the conference, Guard Rick Adelman, a blond, free-wheeling, long-shooting, 6'1" senior who averaged 19 points last season. In between portraying wild Indians on TV, Arndt has been happily

contemplating his roster, which is minus only one starter from a 30-4 league season.

In a preseason poll, the WCAC coaches named these three schools as favorites but could not resist putting University of the Pacific in there, too. The Tigers have won the title two years in a row, but they have lost rebounder Keith Swagerty and two good shooters, Bob Krulish and David Fox. Coach Dick Edwards is something of a magician, but he probably is not Houdini enough to make up such big losses so soon. Tom Jones is a 6'9", 220-pounder who played center on a freshman team that had an 18-2 record two seasons ago but was red-shirted last season because he was physically immature for his 19 years (and because Swagerty was not about to sit on the bench). Now Jones is 20, with a year's background of working out with the varsity. And he will be helped by a lot of other tall musclemen, including 6'6" Joel Persho.

Before Edwards' arrival in 1963, Pacific's total season attendance was 3,700. Now the Stockton Civic Auditorium's capacity of 3,000 is strained for every game, and the talk of the town is basketball, not the lettuce and grape harvests.



After his 20th year at Pepperdine, likable Duck Dowell, here running practice, may retire. His tall team could give him a parting gift of a winning season.

CONTINUED

Western AC

Wyoming's Cowboys were supposed to have had about as much chance of winning the WAC championship last year as they did of driving from Laramie to Cheyenne without snow tires. The "Pokes" had to go with 6'6" Ken Collins at center, and most WAC observers thought they were generally built too close to the floor to be much of a threat in this league, except as obstacles to trip over. When Collins left the squad at midseason, the midgets should really have been in trouble. But, stealing a trick from Muhammad Ali, Coach Bill Strannigan came up with a confusing shuffle. He maneuvered his biggest (and slowest) man, 6'5" Tom Asbury and 6'8" Gary Von Krogh, outside and kept the real midgets—Mike Eberle, Harry Hall and Bob Wilson—zipping through the middle. They ran a lot but shot little in what amounted to a fast-moving stall that wore rival bean pokes down to their size. It was a slick improvisation by Strannigan, who has made

the most of his material for eight years now.

By early March Wyoming had beaten co-favorites New Mexico and Brigham Young twice, including an NCAA playoff win over BYU. Then Bill and his cunning Cowboys fell off their horses when faced with UCLA at the NCAA regionals at Corvallis, Ore. "I'm not sure we've fully recovered from Alcindor," Strannigan admits, reminiscing about the 49-point loss to the Bruins. He's not kidding, either.

He has lost Asbury, a second-team all-league performer, but Tom's expected replacement, sophomore Carl Ashley, can do more things and do them better, not the least of which is scoring. The 6'6" Denver product made 25 points a game for the freshmen. He is quick and has good spring. Mike Eberle, All-WAC as a junior, is the floor general and a brush outside shooter who fired away from ridiculous distances last season and still averaged 14 points. Harry Hall, a junior from Harvey, Ill., is only

6'2" but can jump with most players much taller, and he is, says Strannigan, "our most complete player." Hall scored 535 points (18 a game) to become the highest scoring sophomore since Flynn Robinson and was second in rebounds. Von Krogh, a junior from Riverton, Wyo., is expected to be a conventional, stay-near-the-hoop post man this year. He is moving his 210 pounds better and that, Strannigan hopes, will improve his shooting and rebounding.

Wyoming's relief men last season were about as plentiful as General Custer's. After the first six men, Strannigan warmed up the cheerleaders. Now there are other good youths besides Ashley up from an 11-3 freshman squad. "All in all, I feel richer this year," says Strannigan, a spiffy dresser and an affable read companion. "We may have the depth to spell some of the starters. We may have added enough height to our quickness to run and score instead of shuffling for our lives."

Over in Provo, Utah, at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, BYU Coach Stan Watts has no more worries about who should start at center, 6'11" Craig Raymond or 6'11" Jim Eakins. Raymond is gone, and Eakins, a senior, is prepared to take over as the resident stepple. Watts also has 6'7" Kam Lumo and 6'4" Marty Lythgoe. Lumo, a gift from Finland, improved consistently last year and was all-league as a sophomore. Lythgoe is a good jump shooter. After these three, Cougar experience dwindles away, but there is a flock of newcomers from an 11-2 freshman team, most notably Guards Doug Howard and Bob Davis and Forward Gary Schneider, all of whom averaged 15 points or better. Watts took the team on a lengthy summer tour of the Orient and South Pacific, which helped season the young ones and should help all of them get off to a fast start.

And, of course, at Salt Lake City there is Jack Gardner, who would be dangerous with four little old ladies and a Singer midget in the post. Right now he is bawling over the loss of 6'8" Center DeWitt Meynard, ineligible after just one year of being a Utah Runner Redskin. "Meynard would have made us a definite title threat," Gardner says. The Utes still have Guard Mervy Jackson, a senior from away off in Georgia, to lead eight other keteenens, and Jack will win his share.

Never a WAC winner and with little chance this year, Arizona may score a few upsets. Around Coach Bruce Larson are Bill Davis, Mickey Foster, Mike Kordik,



"Black & White" Scotch. Scotch for people who know the difference.
Gift-wrapped, and handsomely, with our compliments.



AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND IN 8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE BUCHANAN DISTILLING CO. LTD. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER

Toronado. Built for leaders, not followers.

Men who follow the herd would probably feel out of character in a Toronado. And for good reason. It's not a follow-the-herd kind of car. To start with, Toronado looks different. It's brawny. Broad-shouldered. Massively male.

Toronado is also different in the way it rides and handles. Its front-wheel drive and torsion-bar suspension lay down the law to

the road—gently but firmly—even on ice, snow, mud or sand. In short, Toronado isn't likely to appeal to every Tom, Dick or Harry. Which is really one of its biggest appeals.



Toronado.
Test drive the front-wheel-drive
"youngmobile" from Oldsmobile.



SALES OF EXTERIOR LIGHTS

Big Eight

The last thing Kansas Coach Ted Owens does before he leaves his house to go to work is stuff the pockets of his jacket with Gelusal tablets. Owens has a chronic duodenal ulcer. From April through September he gets by with six or seven tablets a day. But from October through most of March his daily intake hovers around 25.

"Maybe it's because I'm only in my fourth year as a head coach," says Owens, "but I haven't yet learned how to lose well. I can never blame anyone but myself. Defeat just eats me up. It's the end of the world."

Owens' experience with defeat is limited. Starting this season he stands 63 and 16. His percentage of .797 is even better than that of one of his predecessors at Kansas, the storied Phog Allen, whose 771 and 233 record puts him at .768. Allen won more games than any other college coach, although Adolph Rupp, who starts this season with 760 victories, seems certain to overtake the man for whom he played at Kansas.

If Owens is going to be eaten up by defeat this season, it most likely will happen in December and March. The Jayhawks play Louisville twice within 16 days in December and also take on Cincinnati, figured to fight a out with Louisville in the strong Missouri Valley. Once the Big Eight season gets under way Owens should be able to cut his Gelusal consumption. Kansas should have little to worry about until it hits the March regional at Wichita. If Houston is assigned to this regional, it's possible that three of the top five teams in the country will contend at Wichita. The Missouri Valley champion will be there, and so, almost assuredly, will Kansas.

Remembering a towering zone defense, which caused Kansas players to alter their shooting trajectory and lose accuracy in their defeat by Houston last season, Owens has had his boys shooting over something called the "iron defender," a rectangular iron frame whose top bar is 12 feet above the floor. It forces a player to increase the arc of his shot.

"We used it some last season," recalls Owens, "but it was kind of theoretical. Not until we ran into Elvin Hayes and the rest of that big Houston front line did we realize that the iron defender really does have human counterparts."

While Kansas may have the job of getting ready for Hayes and, it hopes, for Lew

Alcindor, the Jayhawks' opponents have the almost equally formidable task of getting ready to contend with Jo Jo White. In the words of Phog Allen, who was 82 this month and never misses a Kansas game, "White does everything better than any man of his size I have ever seen. Watch him and you think he's floating in oil."

White led U.S. scorers in the Pan-American Games last summer and went on to Tokyo to be a big factor in the U.S. victory in the World University Games. His devotion to basketball is total. His reaction to his trip to Japan underscores how basketball dominates his life. A recent visitor to the Kansas locker room asked White, "How did you like Tokyo?" hoping to ease the conversation momentarily away from basketball. "Not much of a town," replied White. "It was so humid the ball kept slipping out of my hands."

Joining White, who leads Kansas' fearsome half-court pressing defense and usually brings the ball upcourt single-handedly—even against a zone press—will be all of Kansas' starters from last year except Ron Franz, the team's third leading scorer but also one of its least consistent players. Rodger Bohnenstehl, last year's high scorer (16-point average) and most accurate field-goal shooter (.541), will be at one forward. Bruce Sloan, who came on strong to wrest a guard position away from Phil Hartman, will be moved to forward. Powerful Vernon Vanoy, last season's Big Eight sophomore of the year, will again be available to play the post. Contending for a guard position alongside White will be Harmon and a brilliant sophomore, Rich Bradshaw, who can do everything White does, only a shade less well. In the event of injuries or foul trouble for White, Owens will not hesitate to turn over to Bradshaw the job of running the offense. As a freshman, Bradshaw averaged 16 points a game and, although he is only 6'3", he led the team in rebounding with 122 in eight games.

Owens also has two new giants, 6'8" Greg Douglas and 6'10" Dave Nash. Douglas was a high school star at Keokuk, Iowa, where he averaged 27 points and 19 rebounds his last year. Nash spent two seasons at Dallas Baptist, a Texas junior college that was 46 and 14 while he played there.

If Kansas wins the Big Eight, it will be

the first time that any conference team will have won as many as three consecutive unshared titles since Phog Allen's team won four in a row beginning in 1931. Allen thinks Kansas will do it and that Rupp will smash his record of 771 victories. He is unperturbed by these possibilities. His reaction to Rupp's probable takeover is, "Bless his bones."



Still practicing osteopathic medicine in Lawrence at 82, Phog Allen does not miss a game at Kansas, where his 591 victories established a winning tradition.

CONTINUED

SEC

Samantha has sad eyes. She also has long, floppy ears. Nobody at Vanderbilt really thinks that Samantha is beautiful, but they have hope for her. After all, she is only a year old, and it takes a while for the inner beauty of a basket hound to emerge. Like George's did. George is remembered around campus with an admiration that borders on reverence. He, too, had sad eyes and long, floppy ears. But deep inside, of George had something, and long before he challenged a milk truck *mano a mano* he showed everybody that what it was was class, lots of class.

Unable to come up with a bona fide Commodore for a mascot, Vanderbilt athletic teams adopted George a few years ago. They still talk about the yowls that George used to emit at games, yowls that came not on mere whim but at precisely the right moment. George had yowls to scare an opposing end about to latch on to a pass and yowls that reverberated through the field-house rafters and sent encouragement gushing through basketball players at the moment they needed a lift. But his best act was Vanderbilt's equivalent of the Red Auerbach cigar-lighting ceremony. When George saw that his

boys had a victory safely tucked away, he would rouse himself from his position near the bench and then, with pomp and slow stride, amble across the court and into the locker room. Yes, George had class, and everyone in Nashville is sure Samantha will be showing hers shortly.

Unfortunately, class is something that Vanderbilt basketball teams themselves lacked until fairly recently. Then along came Roy Skinner. During the past five seasons, Skinner's run-and-shoot teams have never been lower than fourth in the SEC, and three seasons ago Vandy finished on top for the first time. Back from last season are the team's three leading scorers—Guard Tom Hagan, Forward Bob Warren and Bo Wyenandt, a forward-turned-guard. Hagan was tops with a 17 average. Against Florida he had a bad first half, scoring just six and losing a contact lens. Typical of his spunkiness, he came back in the second half wearing a lens borrowed from the student trainer and scored 23. Skinner needs another first-rate forward to pair off with Warren but he has, in 6' 5" sophomore Perry Wallace, a fine center. Wallace, who will be the first Negro to play basketball in the SEC, goes up like a ho-

lum balloon and should provide the Commodores with the rebounding they lacked last year. If he can overcome a tendency to palm his jump shots, he also should score heavily, with a deft touch in close.

Nothing, not even the aching back that has nagged him for three decades, causes Adolph Rupp of Kentucky more exasperating pain than insinuations about his coaching ability. For 36 seasons prior to the last one, Rupp took pride in the eloquent manner in which his record spoke of his talents. But last season's 13-13 mark (his worst) set some people to saying out loud that maybe Adolph had lost his touch. Rupp, hurt where it hurts him most, had a few words to say about his detractors recently. "What people forget is that the year before I won eight of eight coaching awards, and that's all they give. I didn't forget that much basketball in one year." And he has approached this season with the old, forceful, no-nonsense attitude, shunning the light-hearted image of the "Rupp's Rusts" era.

"I'm trying to put together a new threshing machine," he says. "I've got a lot of parts lying around, and I'm trying to put them all together."

Leftover parts include 6' 5" Thad Jaracz and 6' 8" Cliff Berger. Rupp's reputation, though, will depend on the new parts—11 sophomores. Best of the lot are Mike Casey, Mike Pratt and 6' 8" Dan Issel, who is being tested at Jaracz' center position. The problem here is whether Jaracz can switch to forward. If not, he will go back to center and Issel will play forward. Rupp isn't saying just how good his team is or can be, but it is certainly better than 13-13.

Vanderbilt and Kentucky will have to get past defending champion Tennessee if either is to win the SEC title. High-scoring Ron Wadley of the Volunteers has been graduated, but 7' Tom Bercawinkle and the remnants of the nation's best defense (54 points a game) are back. Coach Ray Mears, who favors a very deliberate style, was supposed to be worried about the new rule designed to cut down on holding the ball for more than five seconds in the area from midcourt to just above the foul circle. "Some say it will hurt us because we play a pattern offense and take time to set up shots," Mears says. "But we're used to being pressured, and I still think the best way to get the ball through this no man's land is with pattern play."



LSU should get out of the cellar this year, chiefly because Press Maravich will have his son on the varsity. Pat's hit 44 points a game as a freshman guard.

Look-alikes don't last alike



Above: The Cultroom Model Y1425, 12" diagonal picture

On the outside, all portables may look pretty much alike . . . but they don't perform alike. Because inside there's a world of difference. Only Zenith is carefully, skillfully Handcrafted for unrivaled depend-

ability. With Zenith Portable TV there are no production shortcuts. That's why . . . years and years from today . . . you'll be glad you chose Zenith, the Handcrafted Portable TV.

WHY NOT
GET THE
BEST



Above: The Classroom Model Y2025, 15" diagonal picture

Left: The Daytime Model Y1825, 10" diagonal picture

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on

Southwest

So many new faces are to be found among the coaches of this conference that the handshakes at midcourt will not always be for propriety's sake. The two men may just be introducing themselves. Veterans Doc Hayes (SMU), Buster Brannon (TCU) and Harold Bradley (Texas) all decided to step down at the same moment after last season. Glen Rose (Arkansas) and George Carlisle (Rice)

left the year before last. Perhaps they were tired of all the years of vying for attention and crowds in a land where the only ball that counts is the one that has points on each end. Or perhaps they were just tired. Whatever the reason, there went 81 years of coaching experience and some good stories into retirement. (Harry Rostic, a 6'6" transfer student who moves to Texas A&M from Tyler Junior College, is indicative of the transformation. Harry is 26 years old and, says one league observer, "has more experience than most of the coaches.")

The loss of all this seniority has made Gene Gibson of Texas Tech (in his seventh year and at age 43) the "dean" of conference coaches. Coincidentally, his team looks like the class of the league, too. Texas Tech is in Lubbock, out there on the plains of west Texas. Out there on the "Caprock." A neat, clean town. There are very few trees but a whole lot of mesquite bushes. Bobby Layne likes to play dominoes in one of the general stores. But neither he—nor anybody else—can get any legal beer in town to wash down all the chili and enchiladas. In recent years Lubbock and Texas Tech have sent out two of pro football's biggest stars, Dave Parks and Donny Anderson, a lodge full of skiers (who learned and trained in the Tams, N. Mex., area 300 miles away) and hundreds of the most beautiful coeds in America. You would think basketball didn't have much of a chance in Lubbock. But, in fact, Texas Tech decided to go after a big-time program more than a decade ago. The administration okayed a bright 10,000-seat field house in 1956, and it's been filled a few times. Basketball has become the winter-time thing in Lubbock.

Last season the Red Raiders sat squarely in the middle of the league race. They defeated every team in the conference except Baylor, and that included a surprising late-season victory over champion SMU. It was a typical season for Tech; during the 10 years the school has been an SWC member the Raiders have been at 500 or better against everyone in the conference. In 1965 Gibson's best team finished two games ahead in the SWC but lost its championship when one man's senescent hours were not added up correctly and he was declared ineligible. The jokes about Tech's math program have been accumulating since. Such arithmetic problems can be turned over, with confi-

dence, to Gibson's three returning starters: 6'5" Joe Dobbs, an accounting major; 5'10" Jerry Haggard, a finance major; and 6'7" Vernon Paul, a business-education student. Paul, who averaged 14 points a game, had more than arithmetic on his mind last year. At one time or another during the season, he suffered through mononucleosis, an elbow operation, an auto wreck, an appendectomy and cuts requiring 17 stitches. Despite all this, he missed just four games and earned all-conference honors. The Raiders also have letterman Benny Wiggins, 6'7", and Jim Nelson, 6'4", and add Wayne Schneider, 6'3", a promising JC transfer. But all of Gibson's sophomore help will be up front, and he may be weak at guard.

Two of the teams with new coaches should give Texas Tech the most trouble. Johnny Swaim takes over for Brannon at TCU and inherits a veteran team led by 6'5", 240-pound Mickey McCarty. The Horned Frogs used for second place last season and are capable up front with 6'6" James Cash and 6'3" John Ed White to help McCarty. Their problem is the backcourt, also. SMU upset Louisville in the NCAA Midwest Regional last season, but new Coach Bob Prewitt gets back only two starters, 6'7" Lynn Phillips (SWC sophomore of the year) and 6'3" Bill Vaughn. The Mustangs' chances hinge on Prewitt's search for a quarterback to replace Denny Holman, a skilled playmaker for three winning seasons who graduated to the Dallas Chaparrals. Holman's replacement probably will be Gary Sibley, a junior who is quick but inexperienced.

Texas A&M finished sixth in the conference last season and, though Randy Matson has finally left to go put his shot somewhere else, the Aggies have seven returning lettermen plus the highly regarded Rostic, and they are a good dark-horse challenger. Coach Shelby Metcalf shocked the rest of the league when he led Texas A&M to the championship in his first season four years ago, and he is still surprising them with his tongue-in-cheek remarks. He had a lot of married players last year who, he said, were "go-getters. Their wives all have jobs downtown, and when it's 5 o'clock they go get them." Despite his returning talent, Metcalf refuses to be serious about his chances. "We'll be small," he says, "but nobody will notice because we'll overshadow that with our poor shooting and lack of speed."



Texas has the best gimmick if not the best team—Dr. Stanley Burnham's machine that puts resistance on the ball improves Gary Overbeck's rebounding

**Two wild new ways
to get that old feeling.**



Moody, mysterious Wild Moss.
Tart, tantalizing Dry Lime.
Bold new Skin Bracers created by
Mennen to come on strong.
They're as cool and comfortable
as the refreshing original.

Listen to the original Mennen theme "Beate Yourself" by Sid Ramlin on  Records.

**These are the
expensive ones.**



It's perfectly true that you don't have to go overboard to give someone a Kodak Instamatic® camera. There's the popular 104 outfit, for example, for less than \$20.

But if you can afford it, give him our best. Our 804. You'll be giving him the most automatic of Kodak Instamatic cameras and that's saying—and giving—a lot.

The 804 does so many things for him automatically that there's not much left for him to do except enjoy photography as he's never enjoyed it before.

Just one example: He drops in a film cartridge and the 804 is loaded. He winds the spring motor once and he doesn't have to bother winding again for twenty shots. And the electric eye sets the exposures for him. A very thoughtful gift.

The 804 comes to less than \$130. Everything considered, that's not really expensive.

That's the Kodak Instamatic M8 movie camera next to it—our finest super 8 camera. He touches a button and gets power zoom, from 9.5 wide-angle to 45mm telephoto. He has his choice of four shooting speeds, from fast to slow motion, for the change of pace that adds extra

excitement to movies. He has a CdS electric eye behind the lens that assures him accurate exposures at any filming speed. And reflex viewing lets him see exactly what he'll get on film.

Give him the M8 and he'll never have to thread film or flip it at mid-point. (Kodak has changed all that.)

Instead, he'll just slide in a film cartridge and shoot a full fifty feet of super 8 movies. As for winding film, he can forget that, too—this camera is battery driven.

The M8 is less than \$225. Considering what you're giving—and what he's getting—that's not really expensive, either.



The new Kodak Carousel 550 projector keeps each slide in focus automatically. It's jamproof and as dependable as gravity. It has both remote and automatic slide changing. From less than \$170.

You can show both super 8 and regular 8mm movies with the Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector—and at normal, fast or slow-motion speeds, forward or reverse. Automatic threading. From less than \$200.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Fine cameras and projectors by Kodak.



*It's an
Old Forester
kind of season*

**OLD
FORESTER**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Old
Forester
100 PROOF

Give and enjoy Old Forester in our handsome Decanter with gift wrap, or our standard fifth with gift wrap. Both at no extra cost. At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

Missouri Valley

When Urbane John Dromo succeeded rustic Peck Hickman as Louisville coach last summer, Hickman handed Dromo a UL schedule and a tin of aspirin. Peck was laughing, but he wasn't kidding. Louisville has the toughest schedule in its history, and one of the most strenuous in the nation, with 12 of the first 14 games on the road, six in its own rugged conference.

Fortunately Dromo, a friendly, articulate man and a sharp dresser, is easily amused (he is compiling a book of sports anecdotes). Dromo recalls that years ago Louisville had difficulty beating rival Dayton and that he once drove with Hickman to a Dayton game. Along the way they stopped for gas. Hickman noticed an elderly gentleman on a nearby playground going through the motions of playing basketball—but without a ball.

"What's that guy up to?" Hickman asked the station attendant.

"Oh, he's just a high school coach who went psycho after a couple of losing seasons," replied the attendant.

"Tell him to stick around," said Hickman. "I'm the Louisville coach on my way to play Dayton, and if they beat us again I'll come back here and guard that guy."

"And I'll referee," said Dromo.

Whether Dromo will be as cool come January 23, when the Cards launch their home stand, remains to be seen. Before then, he has home-and-home engagements with Kansas and must play, in order, at Northwestern, Dayton and St. Louis, in the Madison Square Garden Holiday Festival (drawing LaSalle for opener), at Tulsa, North Texas State, Memphis State, Bradley and Cincinnati.

It is nice, therefore, that in addition to a store of anecdotes Dromo has a pretty fair team to sustain him, starting with Wesley Unseld, 6' 8" and 240 pounds, who was All-America as a junior last season. Unseld kept his touch with two summer junkies, as a member of the U.S. team at the Pan-American Games in Winnipeg and, along with teammate Butch Beard, at the World University Games in Tokyo. He was the nation's No. 2 rebounder in both his sophomore and junior years, averaging 19 per game last season. Nothing will change for Unseld in that area, but his scoring will. Last year he fired sparingly, averaging 19 points, but, says Dromo, "now we want him to shoot

more." This means that Louisville, a high-scoring (82 points a game) outfit that also shot exceptionally well (.498 average), may set a few Valley records.

Three other starters are back: Forward Jerry King, 6' 5", Guard Fred Holden and Beard, who is being switched from front to backcourt. Butch hit 30 points a game last year and should do even better in his new spot. The fifth man is Forward Bob Gross, 6' 6", a steady but unspectacular senior. The reserves are slim and inexperienced. But the Cards do have speed. To utilize that and mask an absence of overpowering size, Dromo is going to the full-court press.

"We are going to press all over the place," he says grimly. "Sink or swim." On offense, Louisville will stress the strong pivot and a variety of the shuffle.

Dromo's ace in the hole is 6' 9" Mike Grosso, the transfer from South Carolina who will become eligible in the second semester and be available for the last six conference games and, of course, for the NCAA tournament, which Louisville should make. Grosso is taking exercises for his right knee, which was operated on last summer. He has been assured by doctors that he will be ready

when he is eligible, and that means he and Unseld will make up a front pair as potent as can be found on any campus. Grosso is extraordinarily quick for a big man; he is also very fast, regardless of size. He can get the defensive rebound, start the break, be part of it and score at the other end.

Until recently it was a toss-up between Cincinnati and Tulsa as to which Valley team could upset Louisville, but now Tulsa has lost Eldridge Webb because of academic troubles. The Bearcats have four of their starters back from a team that lost a lot of close ones last year and easily beat NCAA runner-up Dayton, 62-49. Poor outside shooting was Cin's problem, and there are two sophomores who may help solve that. Don Dgletree and Bob Schwallie. Another newcomer, Jim Ard, is a strong rebounder and good scorer. He probably will start, along with the dependable veterans Rick Roberson and John Howard.

Unlike Louisville's, the bench here is solid, including Gordon Smith, Dean Foster, Dick Haucke and Raleigh Wynn. Coach Tay Baker plans to run more, hopefully to avoid the ball-handling errors that led to an average of 15 turnovers a game last year.



Memphis State joins the Valley, a ball-control team in a run-and-gun league. Here Coach Moe Ibe explains how his delay game works against pressure defenses.

CONTINUED

Big Ten

In past winters one of the more exciting things to do in Lafayette, Ind., was to go out to Purdue Airport and watch the airplanes land and take off, especially the psychedelic ones from Lake Central Airlines with the cherry-red tail and the chubby white heart in the middle. Purdue basketball wasn't nearly as stimulating. In an area where fine high school teams are plentiful, Purdue hadn't

produced a championship team since 1949. It hasn't yet, but 1968 should be the year. The chief reason is Rick Mount, the most publicized high school player of the decade in the Midwest. Mount chose Purdue over the more exotic settings of Miami and UCLA in order to be near home, and since he had little adjustment to make and no morale problem, he moved into campus life with all the poise of a Hoosier at a husking bee. He frequently goes home—39 miles east along U.S. 52, past acres of farmland, decaying rust-colored barns, and a sign that proudly proclaims Lebanon, Ind., as the home of Rick Mount—Mr. Basketball 1966. When he gets to Lebanon he goes to the same barber he has always used to care for the little curl he wears on his forehead (page 34). But college has had some effect. Gone are the tight white Levi's and white socks. Rick now leans toward neatly creased slacks, dark socks and tasseled loafers. That is about all that has changed in the well-ordered life of Rick Mount. He still possesses one of the finest jump shots ever seen. He still has immense court presence and a lot of slick moves underneath. And he is still slow. When Purdue fast breaks, Mount trails the trailer. One of Rick's moves underneath cost him four weeks of team practice when he fractured a metatarsal bone in his foot in an off-balance attempt at a layup in late October. The foot was put in a cast for five days, and for the next three weeks, with the aid of a steel plate in his shoe, Rick was able to practice shooting. The fact that he is chiefly valuable as a point-getter is no drawback on this team. Purdue could not win a title with high-scoring Dave Schellhase nor with all-around star Terry Dschinger. This year Coach George King has a real supporting cast.

There are two outstanding forwards: 6' 3" Herman (Rex) Gilliam and 6' 6" Roger Blalock. Gilliam, the son of a Methodist minister from Winston-Salem, N.C., led last year's Boilermakers in scoring and rebounding and was their best defensive player. Blalock and Gilliam make the Purdue fast break work. Both can get the defensive rebound, and each can take the ball upcourt himself. Bill Keller (Indiana's Mr. Basketball in 1965) is the backcourt man who directs King's free-lance offense. The fifth starting spot is the only problem. Unless 7' sophomore Chuck Blais wakes up one morning to find that he has overcome the usual handicap of the big

man by becoming well-coordinated, Purdue will probably go with 6' 6" Ted Reusser at the post. Blais is a nicely built 235 pounds and remarkably handsome, with deep-blue eyes. He could be the tallest leading man in Hollywood history—but he still has a lot to learn about basketball. And, unfortunately, his first taste of varsity play will come against Lew Alender this Saturday, when Purdue dedicates its new 14,123-seat field house. This circular, red-brick arena has everything from same baths in the coaches' lounge to dressing rooms for pompon girls. It is now called, simply, Purdue Arena, but the rumor is that if things go according to plan it will be renamed Mount's Mount at the end of the season. At least the people of Lebanon think so. They bought 10% of all season tickets that went on sale to the general public.

Two Big Ten teams usually dangerous if only because of their coaching—Iowa and Michigan State—have the miseries this year. With Ralph Miller's "pressure basketball," Iowa has started fast the past three seasons but slowed down considerably at the finish. Miller has high scorer Sam Williams back and a few promising sophomores, but he has no height. John Benington is in worse shape at Michigan State. He has three regulars returning but little help from the freshman team. The dark horse is Northwestern, which has a talented bunch of newcomers.

But more than likely, Indiana University will make the Big Ten race an all-Indiana happening. Last season the Hoosiers and Michigan State shared the crown; the nucleus of that Indiana squad is back and Coach Lou Watson says flatly, "This year's team will be much better." Sophomores Joe Cooke and Ken Johnson can score and rebound, and both should move into the starting lineup. Rugged Bill DeHeer (6' 9", 240) is back at center, and veterans Butch Joyner, Vernon Payne and Earl Schneider round out a strong top six. In reserve will be lettermen Rich Schrumpl (6' 9") and Bill Siemberg (6' 7"), as well as Mike Noland and Rick Atkinson. Either Noland or Atkinson could make the starting five, thus freeing Cooke for swing assignments at guard or forward. Two other players from last year's strong freshman team who will add depth are Mike Niles and football Halfback John Lucibarger. If Lou Watson is wrong, the people of Bloomington can try plane watching. Lake Central flies into their airport, too.



Teammate Dave Sorenson watches Bill Hosket exercise the knee which, if it recovers from surgery, will enable Bill to put Ohio State over the .500 mark.



**CERTAIN PEOPLE
DON'T EVEN DRIVE A CAR,
LET ALONE FINANCE IT.**

However, there are others who do drive, and do finance.

And General Motors Acceptance Corporation (GMAC) finances cars. Chevrolets. Pontiacs. Oldsmobiles. Buicks. Cadillacs. Opels. Even GMC trucks.

So if you're bug-eyed about the new General Motors cars, or need a good used car, go to the General Motors dealer who uses GMAC. You'll be able to finance your car, car insurance, and creditor life insurance in the same place, at the same time.

No running around to talk to three different people, in three different places.

No aggravation. No bother.

The cost is reasonable.

And, in addition, you can choose from a number of different time payment arrangements.

GMAC. An ideal way to finance for people who haven't got a chauffeur. It's even ideal for chauffeurs who haven't got a car.

GMAC
FINANCIAL
PLAN

General Motors Acceptance Corporation

Mid-American

Basketball in Toledo—the Glass Capital of the World—has a shatterproof tradition. Most games at the university are sellouts, whether the team is a smash or a bust. Still, even in Toledo it is better to win than to lose, which is what Max Gerber observed when he arrived on campus in 1960 as the new sports publicist and was greeted with a 15-8 season. In Toledo that is a bad year, so Gerber, a scholarly-looking man who would

seem more at home behind a lectern than a press-box typewriter, cast about for something to take people's minds off his troubles. Not one to ignore the obvious, he gathered around him 30 of the shapeliest coeds in the Mid-American Conference, organized them into a Mince Hall-style chorus line, dubbed them the Toledo Rockettes, and put them on at halftime. While the basketball Rockettes labored through one 14-10 season and four successive years of 13-11, the Rockettes were making it big, appearing with the team in places like Madison Square Garden and traveling to Europe alone. On their home court they were, naturally, unbeatable.

Now the basketball team has finally caught up with the Rockettes. Bobby Nichols, a quiet, reserved man who was hired as head coach three years ago, is chiefly responsible. Nichols takes his basketball seriously, and with six young children at home he just had to do well as his alma mater. He inherited a group picked to finish last by a consensus of conference observers because its members did not function as a unit. He made a team out of those individuals and they finished second. Last year the Rockettes were supposed to place sixth, but they lost only one game and went on to the NCAA tournament, where they lost in the first round. And every game was a sellout. They ought to have about the same conference record this time, and should do well in outside games also, since they do not have one of the more difficult schedules in the nation. It includes Hillsdale, Morris Harvey, Baldwin-Wallace and the Coast Guard. "We try to schedule the better-known teams," says Nichols, "but we have two things going against us. First, when good teams play us they feel they gain nothing by winning but can lose a lot by losing. Second, it is hard to arrange home-and-home games because of our field house." The 4,460-seat Toledo field house is one of the two oldest buildings on campus, and it looks like a dimly lit World War I airplane hangar. It will be packed, as usual, all season, and there will be at least as much interest in the games as in the half-time shows.

Steve Mix is the key to the Toledo offense. A 6'7", 230-pound center, he operates from one of the two low post positions, and the No. 1 Toledo option is to get the ball in to him. When the Rockettes succeed, it is an almost automatic two points. Mix is far more agile than the run of big centers; his moves

underneath often make them look embarrassingly slow. He and Alexander were the only two players last year to rank in the top 20 in rebounding, scoring and field-goal accuracy. Steve's figures were 13.5 in rebounding, 23 points and .563.

Working at the other low post is 6'5" John Brinker, possibly the tallest tuba player in the world. John's tuba is essential to the blended bass of Toledo's marching band. He had to miss basketball practice three times a week during football season in order to attend rehearsals. At the post he is more of a decoy than a scorer because Mix is so good. If 7-footer Doug Hess improves, Brinker may be shifted to guard because he is a competent ball handler. Another 6'5" forward, Bob Miller, will operate from the high post, where he has the opportunity to make his favorite shot, a turn-around jumper from about 15 feet. Toledo has quick guards: 5'9" John Rudley and 6'2" Willie Babbone, who shoots well with either hand or both.

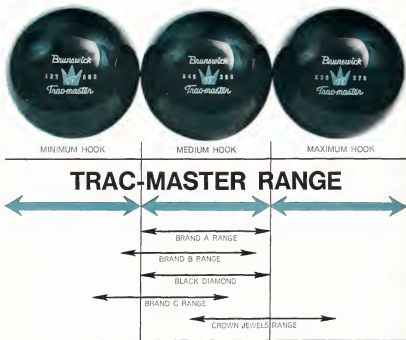
The only team to beat Toledo during the regular season last year was Marshall, and the five players who did it are back. The Thundering Herd—at least they're not one of a dozen Tigers or Wildcats or some kind of Bear—had a 20-8 record and went to the NIT as the MAC runner-up. With a better bench this year, they will give Toledo the roughest time again. Forward George Stone, probably the league's best shooter, will provide most of the offense with help from Forward Jim Davidson and steady, poised Guard Bob Redd. "I think Redd does the most damage to opponents during the entire game," says Miami of Ohio Coach Tates Locke. "The games they should have lost last year—he cooled them down." Center Bob Allen starts Marshall's fast break with his strong defensive rebounding, and 22-point scorer Dan D'Antoni is the other backcourt man. These five were called the Iron Men last year because Coach Ellis Johnson was forced to keep them in most of the time. Opposing teams would try either to run them to exhaustion or foul them out. Only one succeeded—in a double overtime against Morehead State, all five Iron Men fouled out. Johnson won't have to worry so much this season about losing some of his starters. He has excellent reserves in sophomore Ricky Hall, a 6'4", 195-pound forward who averaged 21 points and 14 rebounds a game as a freshman, and 6'8" Bob Duder.

Ranking just below Toledo and Marshall is Miami, here engaged in a quickness drill—led by Coach Tates Locke—that resembles "follow the leader."

Ask Santa for one of

The Predictables.

Get the bowling ball that gives you the hook you need
(Christmas will last all year.) More bowlers in the family? Your Brunswick
Pro Dealer has a wide array of bowler gifts from \$4.95.



Other so-called high-performance balls give you some hooking potential, through trick drilling. But most of it is still in the medium hooking range. Only Trac-Master goes beyond the medium range. That's because only the Brunswick Trac-Master comes in your choice of three distinctly different performing balls. One to cut down your hook, one to build it up, one to maintain it, as is. You're in control when you roll a Trac-Master. The Trac-Master you select is your custom-made ball—it lets you hook the way you want without changing your natural delivery.



How can Trac-Master give you this predictable performance? We vary the combination of cover stock formulation, balance and drilling in each of the three balls. All these factors can affect hooking potential. Only Brunswick varies all three.

Your Brunswick Pro Dealer has gift certificates for Trac-Masters and the complete line of Brunswick bowling balls, bags and shoes. Why not stop by today.

For the name of the Brunswick Dealer nearest you write: Brunswick, Dept. G.M., 69 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 60602.

Brunswick
THE NO. 1 NAME IN BOWLING



Ohio Valley

Western Kentucky's Hiltoppers, defending champions of the Ohio Valley Conference, are a team of little brothers and family men. Seven players are married and, since the latest Miss Kentucky is a Western coed, some forward forward is bound to get up the nerve to court her and eventually make it tight. All-America Clem Haskins has moved up to the pros, but his brother Paul is a promising 6'4" sophomore. Dwight Smith, a likely pro prospect, too, was killed last May in an auto crash, but his kid brother Greg survived the accident and is back for his senior year. And Guard Charles (Curly) Selvy is the last of a seemingly endless line of Selvy brothers, the most famous being Frank, of Furman and the Los Angeles Lakers. Even without the older Haskins and the older Smith, Coach John Oldham has a sound team and a guaranteed rooting section of pretty wives, who will follow the Hiltopper tradition and wave red towels at all home games. Or maybe red dusters.

Oldham's reliables should be Greg Smith, who became a father last month, and Forward Wayne Chapman, who passed out cigars two months ago. Smith is 6'5" and very quick, a fine offensive upper who averaged

11.8 points a game last season. Chapman trailed only Clem the Gem in scoring (15.4), and even though he is 6'6" he is better at guard than at forward. However, Oldham needs him in the forecourt. Chapman went to Kentucky as a freshman but defected to Western as a sophomore and paid his own way that season.

Guard Butch Kaufman, a scrawny 5'10" senior from Louisville, shoots well and may become a professional singer. Guard Rich Hendrick turned down a lucrative job as a tobacco auctioneer to come to college and play basketball. And, as usual at the Kentucky schools, there are many more. Good basketball players in this area seem to come off the assembly line like so many sausages. In fact, Coach Oldham insists he is planning to invest in a local sausage factory and may use his name—Oldham sausages. No joke.

While it is probable that Western will again win the OVC title—for the third season in a row—the Hiltoppers are not kings of the hill on their own campus in Bowling Green. Oldham has a freshman team that is nearly the equal of UCLA's Alexander group of two seasons ago. It is led by 7-footer Jim McDaniels, who, according to Oldham, "is

by far a better outside shot" than Lew. When McDaniels was still in high school, he realized he would need a good supporting cast in college and did some recruiting on his own. He worked on 6'3" Jim Rose of Hazard, Ky., who had announced he was going to Houston. He talked to 6'8" Clarence Glover of Horse Cave, Ky., the second-best big man in the state, and to 6'3" Jerome Perry, the top senior in talent-rich Louisville. They joined Jim at Western, along with two or three other Kentuckians who will serve as more-than-adequate backup men.

McDaniels spent eight years in a primitive, all-Negro grade school, where one of the few things he learned was to keep the pot-bellied stove stocked with wood. When he moved on to an integrated school, things started happening to him. From the ninth to the 12th grade he grew from 5'11" to 7', once shooting up four inches in three months. The alphabet did not go down far enough to record his early grades, but by his senior year he was making Cs and Bs. Now he is a confident college athlete, although no potential Phi Beta Kappa.

"We don't have any one guy who sticks out," McDaniels said of his team. "We're together all the time, and we talk basketball. We stick pretty close, and that's what makes a great team. We want to win the national championship. That's all we talk about. That's our goal."

Thus, sad days await the other OVC schools, and rival coaches know they must win this season, because there will not be another good chance until about 1972. A team that has a shot is Eastern Kentucky, which hired itself a new coach, Guy Strong. He had a powerful small-college team at Kentucky Wesleyan last season. The Colonels have a fancy junior guard, Bobby Washington, and a good group of sophomores, plus 6'7" Garfield Smith. Morehead State has two good imports from Birmingham, Willie (Hobo) Jackson and 6'7" Lamar Green, and should improve a lot when Bob Hiles, a slick-passing guard who became dissatisfied at Kentucky and transferred, becomes eligible after the first six league games.

Over a meal of fried catfish at a Bowling Green restaurant recently, John Oldham said, "It's going to be a wide-open scramble." It was unclear whether he meant the OVC race or the freshmen-varsity scrambles in his own gym.



His team cannot challenge Western Kentucky, but strong 6'9" Dick Cunningham of Murray State outrebounds them all. He was No. 1 in the nation last year.

WHERE TO BUY A BRUNSWICK BILLIARD TABLE FOR YOUR HOME

ILLINOIS

Arlington Heights—Recreation
Equipment Co.
Polo Bros.
Bartonsville—Ed Reibach's Sport Shop
Berwyn—A2 & B Sporting Goods
Bloomington—Werner Lloyd Billiards Supplies
Chicago—Champion Distributing Co.
Evanston Park Sales
Fox Sport Center
Hanson Billiard Supply Co.
Lombard's Furniture & Appliances
Morton Bowl
Polo Bros.
All Polo Stores in Chicago & Suburbs
Recreation Equipment Co., Inc.
World Wide Distributors

Tyler—Polo Bros.
Evanston Park—Evanston Park Sales
Recreation Equipment Co., Inc.
Naperville—Manning & Decker Sports Shop
Glenview—Gale Ward Billiards Goods
Hanover—Polo Bros.
Joliet—Polo Bros.
LaGrange—Polo Bros.
Lansing—Lansing Sport Shop
Melrose Park—Polo Bros.
Moline—Temple Sporting Goods
Naperville—Ace Hardware Co.
Peoria—Puma Supplies
Quincy—Polo Bros.
Rockford—Rockford Sports Center
Rock Island—Sunset Marine
Springfield—Polo Bros.
Urbana—Sally & Hener, Inc.
Vandalia—Polo Bros.

INDIANA

Bloomington—Southern Sporting Goods
Elkhart—Nick Aspinos
Evansville—Kuester's Inc.
S & S Distributing Co.
Ellettsville—Northwestern Billiards
The Ivin Company Inc.
Gary—Gary Bowling and Billiard Supply
Hammond—Johnny Bowling Supply
Indianapolis—William H. Black & Company
Bob Lantz Pro Shop
Ellettsville—Sporting Goods Co.
Kokomo's Inc.
M. & B's Co.
Doha Paper Company, Inc.
Sporting Goods Distributor, Inc.
Lafayette—The Sportsman Inc.
Lawrenceville—Triangle Sporting Goods
Michigan City—Grand Lakes Marine Inc.
Naperville—Gold Crown Lanes
New Haven—Jack Halper
South Bend—Morris Recreation Center
Thorpe's Inc.
Troy—Hart—Parsons Bros. Hardware Co., Inc.

KANSAS

Overland Park—Kane Recreation
Kansas City—Bob Olson's Brunswick Pro Shop
K.C. Pool and Recreation Supply Co.
Topeka—Marling's
Wichita—Frank Supplies

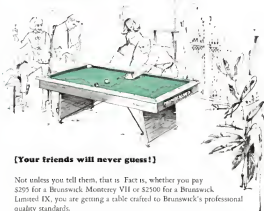
MISSOURI

Florissant—Florissant Yoc Center
Kansas City—American Office Equipment
Art's Billiard Supply
King Louis Bowling Corp.
St. Louis—James Bar's Stores
Ray George Co.
A. E. Schmidt Co.
St. Joe, Bar's Billiard Stores
Vandalia—Vandalia's

NEBRASKA

Beatrice—Beatrice Sports Center
Chippewa Falls—Mac's Marine
Culver—Gimbel's
Erie—Erie City—Lara's Marine Novelty
Green Bay—Bowling Pro Service
OEA Green Bay Bowling Supply
Hastings—Hastings M & W Home & Hardware
Kearney—Jensen's Sports
Madison—Gimbel's
Middletown—ABC Supply Co.
Aqua Spray, Inc.
Chapman's Sports Centers, Inc.
Net Day Bowling & Sports
Gimbel's—Schacter's—all stores
Personalized Pro Shop
Moline—S. Sauer's Ace Hardware
Oskosh—Frank Hayes
River Falls—Tosley Furniture Co.
Waterloo—D & D Sport Supply
Weaurea—Chapman's Sports Centers, Inc.

Only \$295 for a Brunswick Home Billiard Table?



[Your friends will never guess!]

Not unless you tell them, that is. Fact is, whether you pay \$295 for a Brunswick Monterey VII or \$2500 for a Brunswick Limited IX, you are getting a table crafted to Brunswick's professional quality standards.

Brunswick has been building billiard tables since 1845 and puts all of its experience into every table made. This includes cushions made of live rubber that rebound the way they should, and beds that are (and stay) absolutely flat whether made of slate or lighter weight materials such as Brunswick's patented Levelite. Brunswick tables, regardless of price, are covered with wool woven especially for billiard play—and table accessories, including balls and cues, are premium quality.

An investment in Brunswick billiards is truly an investment in a lifetime of wholesome family recreation. Choose from an assortment of models priced right for you.

Model	Monterey VII	Monterey VII	Brunswick VII	Brunswick VII	Celebrity	Monterey	V.P. VII	V.P. IX	Limited IX
Size	20' x 7'	4' x 8'	20' x 7'	4' x 8'	4' x 8'	4' x 8'	4' x 8'	4' x 8'	4' x 8'
Type of Bed	Recreational	Recreational	Professional*	Professional*	Levelite*	Levelite*	Slate	Slate	Slate
Price	\$295	\$295	\$295	\$415	\$495	\$515	\$850	\$150	\$2,500

Brunswick 
THE WORLD'S NAME IN BILLIARDS

Write for full information

Southern

An avalanche of rewards and opportunities awaits the basketball coach who hires more than his share of "good old boys" to his school and wins games with them. For instance, Lefty Driesell of Davidson has four times been named the Southern Conference coach of the year. His two All-Americans (Fred Hetzel and Dick Snyder) are now playing well in the NBA. *The Lefty Driesell Show* is carried on Charlotte, N.C. television every Sunday night during the season. His month-long Wildcat Basketball Camp grossed more than \$40,000 last summer. But it was only last month that Lefty felt he had reached the entrance that allowed him to name a pizza after himself.

Adventurezone eaters now can buy a "Lefty's Special" near the handsome Davidson campus at the just-opened Wildcat Den, Charles G. Driesell, Prop. A Lefty is decorated with tomato, cheese, mushrooms, sausage, pepperoni and ground beef. Since the town of Davidson forbids the sale of beer, the pie has to be washed down by a pitcher of that old Italian favorite, apple cider. The place has been nicknamed Driesell's, and business is brisk, but the coach says, "I'd still rather win ball games than sell pizzas."

Lefty should be a happy man then, because he has the material to offer a special on the basketball court, too. Four of his sophomores averaged 17.7 points or better last season on an undefeated freshman team, and each made better than 55% of his shots from the floor. There is a junior, Wayne Huckel, who has the grades to be a Rhodes scholar and so much determination that he probably would leap into a threshing machine after a loose ball. There are two seniors who must kneel down to get under a shower nozzle. Indeed, there is so much talent around that even the student manager can toss a towel into the laundry bag from 20 feet.

The two tall seniors, admittedly, are a bit of a problem. The biggest, 6'10" Tom Youngdick from Peru, Ill., works over so hard, but sometimes he cannot even hold onto a pass. It seems likely that one of the tough sophomores will turn him into a second-stringer. The other giant, 6'9" Rodney Knowles of Greenville, N.C., often plays the way that you would imagine somebody named Sir Rodney would play—like a lazy blue blood idly amusing himself. He is talented, averaged 12 rebounds and 18 points

last season, but he must become a hustler if Davidson is to be a national contender. Before practice seasons started, Driesell ordered Knowles to report at 220 pounds or under. He did not make it, and Lefty would not let him work out. On his first day back at practice, after he had sweated off enough lard, Rodney took it easy, but he is in good shape now. He had better stay away from Lefty's Specials.

The sophomores are impressive. Mike Malby, a 6'7" leaper from New York City, is the first Negro to play basketball at Davidson. Floridian Jan Potanna, 6'5", did not come on a full scholarship but quickly earned one. Jerry Kroft, 6'4", led his Houston high school to the Texas state championship, and Doug Cook, 6'6", sends his coach into convulsions of joy. "He's really mean, that's the best way to describe it," Lefty says. "He rebounds the way people should. You might think he's a bully, and he is."

This array of talent needs a floor leader, and it probably will be Huckel, who hit the floor so often last season he had to wear baseball sliding pads under his basketball shorts. But Huckel may not be a good enough ball handler to play at the top of the key (the "point") in Driesell's double-post offense. So that job may again be taken by junior Dave Moser of Fort Wayne, Ind., who, Lefty says, "is real clever with the ball," which is reasonably accurate.

As strong as Davidson is—and the squad includes none who can start—Wildcat fans are not overoptimistic. They know that no matter which teams win the league title, it also must win the brutal, three-night Southern Conference tournament (single elimination) before going on to the NCAA regionals. Davidson has stumbled in the tourney more than once. And, as usual, the other chief contender for the title is West Virginia, which now has Carey Bailey back from California. When he left to attend junior college there, the cry all over the state was, "Carey Bailey, won't you please come home!" He finally responded to the pleas—and the urging of Mountaineer alumnus Jerry West—and he joins smooth Ron Williams and sharpshooter Dave Reiser on what should be a high-scoring team.

It does not figure to score enough to catch Davidson, unless all of those sophomores come down with pizza poisoning at the same time.



The map indicates the scope of Coach Warren Mitchell's nonstop recruiting to build a winner at William & Mary. Alas, the Indians will be no better than the

Atlantic Coast

Students at Chapel Hill spent their autumn afternoons in Carmichael Auditorium where the basketball team practiced. The place is only three years old, and all 8,500 Carolina-blue seats are sold out for the season. Carmichael was designed with a stage and supposedly is a center for all campus activities, but since student protest has deteriorated to snoring the amount of ice in the Pepsi "drinks" at the Y-Court and since the football team has taken on the look of a mashed potato, all attention has been focused on basketball.

The Tar Heels reached the NCAA round of four last season and are likely to be there again, so their student followers came early to practices. With the campus roadways approaching the nightmare of a Bangkok rush hour, they'll have to be early to make all the games, too.

Perhaps as a reward for their fine season last year, all of the Tar Heels dress in front of new white individual lockers with three-by-four-foot Carolinian carpets in front of them. Each carpet sports the name of its owner in eight-inch white letters on a Carolina-blue background. The most important carpet is decorated with the name Miller. That's Larry Miller, 2007, muscle waiting to be juiced up by a close score. Miller tends to excite people in the stands and run over those on the floor. He averaged 22 points and nine rebounds last season, and three other starters are back with him, plus three good and speedy sophomores. One of the newcomers is 6'5" Charlie Scott, the future All-America who has the burden of replacing Bob Lewis—a large order—on Carolina's starting club. Though he won't shoot as well as Lewis, he can do more things as he swings, either rebounding as a cornerman or ball handling and directing the attack from backcourt. Right now Scott is a young bull who tears up the china shop every so often with an errant pass, but he will age.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays the students stayed a little longer at practice because 6'10" Center Rusty Clark had organic chemistry lab those days and missed the first hour. Before he arrived the students watched Miller slip on a 25-pound jacket and lead a group in jumping rope—50 with the left foot, 50 with the right and 150 flat out. They enthused to a quick-break rehearsal that simulated game conditions. Gerald

Tuttle, who played in 30 games as a sophomore, fed an underhand pass to Miller, who scored with a back-to-the-basket left-handed spin shot. The students clapped. Bill Huntington, 6'8", who fills in at Clark's pivot spot on lab days and in many games, too, took another Tuttle pass and scored from 18 feet. More claps. Dick Grubar, the 6'3" guard, gave Miller a fast-break pass, but the defense was already there, so Larry went to his toes for a left-handed flip that was wide. But he was under there quickly, to tap in the rebound—routine for him. The students cheered.

This is more of a running game than the control offense that Coach Dean Smith used for a 26-6 record last season. "I'm not a system man," says Smith. "I go with what gives us the best advantage. We used the four-corner offense last year to protect leads and make it a shorter game. Also, it's tough for anybody to play Miller one-on-one. By tournament time we were going with our attack to Clark, as he got better. This year we're going to run. We have more depth and more speed and we'll use pressure and try to freestyle the game."

Nobody gets a free pass in this conference, however. Teams play round robin: big court, small court, and, in visiting coaches classify South Carolina and Clemson, no court. "We don't have to go to South Carolina this season," chirps Smith. He lost there a year ago, but the game this time will be at neutral Charlotte. It would be a good one anywhere. Frank McGuire has four starters back who have played together for three seasons. Gary Greger, 6'8", is the strongest man in the league and is now 15 pounds trimmer, while Skip Harlicks and Jack Thompson make up an excellent backcourt. Duke is minus Bob Verga, who scored and provided direction, but the Blue Devils have a pro-size forecourt led by 6'7" Mike Lewis, and 6'8" Warren Chapman returns in January. North Carolina State gets back Eddie Hadenbach, an extremely quick 6'2" guard who missed all of last season with a back injury.

Most of the favored Tar Heels seem to have grown in the off season, observing Smith's instructions to "build your body, make it tough and be ready for 40 running minutes." But Miller, for one, doesn't believe he'll be playing that much. "I won't see many 40-minute games unless they're

close," says Larry. "We're tall, fast and strong, and we've got 10 guys who will play a lot." A key substitute is 6'5" junior Joe Brown, a fast and powerful forward. The Tar Heels have an early-season run that includes VPI, Vanderbilt, Kentucky and Princeton. If they get through that schedule unscathed, they may demand that those carpets be turned in for wall-to-wall jobs.



One of the last of the league's small gyms with a big home-court advantage will go soon at Clemson. Coach Bobby Roberts studies plans for the new one.

CONTINUED

Ivy

Longtime basketball enthusiasts in Pennsylvania might remember Peter Carril. Back in 1948 he was a fireplug-size high school senior in Bethlehem and made All-State ahead of Dick Groat and Maurice Stokes, who were merely honorable mention. At Lafayette College he was again All-State, on a 10-man squad that included Stokes of St. Francis, Tom Gola of LaSalle and Ennie Beck of Penn. As a coach, Carril has not traveled in such fancy company. He worked in relative obscurity at high schools in Easton and Reading, Pa. for 12 years and at Lehigh for one. So how come he is now head man at Princeton?

Because Butch van Breda Kolff recommended him. Butch, who coached a fine Tiger team to the Ivy title last season and then left for L.A., put in a strong plug for Pete, who played for him one season at Lafayette. Carril teaches the same kind of free-lance, thinking-man's game as VBK, with perhaps a few more patterns. Already he is scouring the East for future players and by next season will have a new gymnasium as

a selling point. Van Breda Kolff was nice enough to leave his assistant, Art Hyland (also an excellent squash partner), and a courtful of talented players. Princeton is rightfully the Ivy favorite once again.

The tallest reason is junior Center Chris Thomforde, the would-be Lutheran minister from Long Island who has agility, enthusiasm and surprising endurance for a man 6'9". Thomforde worked at Red Auerbach's basketball camp last summer and learned some valuable lessons from Bill Russell—one of which, he says, is that he could not score unless Russell decided to let him. But Ivy pointmen will hardly be as effective against him as Russell.

Couch Carril has two fine shooters in Forward John Haarlow, who played a magnificent game against Cornell last season despite a broken nose, and Guard Joe Heiser. And there are three talented sophomores, John Hammer, Mike Mardy and Jeff Petrie. Hammer, 6'8", seems to be at least as good as his brother Ed, last year's best defensive player who is now in law school.

John has a good long-distance jump shot, good moves to the basket and the raw ability to match his brother as a defender. He will start at forward, opposite Haarlow, and help Thomforde considerably on the boards.

Mardy should be an adequate backup man for Chris. Jeff Petrie, however, has the vital mission—replacing playmaker Gary Walters, who is now coaching the Lehigh freshmen. Carril worries about Petrie's ability, as a sophomore, to bring the ball up himself and run the offense, but there is no one else who can do it. So far Petrie has shown himself to be a sound ball handler and excellent passer, with the one fault of tending to become a spectator when someone else has the ball.

Carril also worries about the rest of the league, with some reason: "I would say that Cornell and Columbia could beat anybody they play. Columbia is considerably better than last year. The whole league has improved."

Everybody is a bit scared of Columbia, mainly because of the return of T. Dave Newmark, who was ill and missed last season. When he was a sophomore two years ago, the Lions beat Princeton twice. The Newmark-Thomforde duels might decide the championship this time, particularly their meeting in the last game of the season early in March. But Coach Jack Rohan has two other new shooting arms—Jim McMillan and Hayward Dotson, both up from the freshmen. They may be a close match for Princeton's newcomers.

Over in Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell Coach Hugh (Sam) MacNeil will not make any predictions. "Anything can happen in our league," he says. "Down on the coast the emphasis in our conference seems to be pointed toward getting publicity. Up here in Ithaca we are just a country school enjoying the game." That sounds suspiciously like a man about to sandbag the opposition, and MacNeil does have some new talent, principally 6'5" Bill Schwartzkopf, who averaged 26 points for the freshmen. Cornell did not have enough height last season and does not seem to have the problem solved yet, although Walt Eisdale at least supplies plenty of bulk in the key. Greg Morris, a fine shooter, Hank Smith and Paul Frye complete the first five. The bench is not Cornell's strong point.

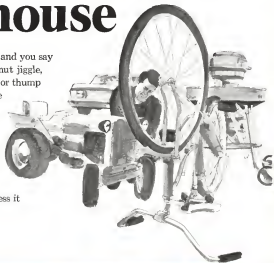


Columbia's Dave Newmark obligingly brings all of his 7' frame and mod hard-do into range. His duels with Princeton's Thomforde may decide the Ivy title.

CONTINUED

Keep up with all the nuts around your house

One new Crescent Socket Set and you say good riddance to every loose nut jiggle, shimmy, shake, rattle, squeak or thump around the house. Get the fine steel, precision machining and finishing in these new Socket Sets—by Crescent, the most famous name in hand tools. Sets on sale now in a wide range of prices at hardware outlets everywhere. It isn't a Crescent wrench unless it says so on the handle.



NEW CRESCENT SOCKETS ON SALE AT YOUR HARDWARE OUTLET NOW

CRESCENT®

CRESCENT TOOL COMPANY, DIVISION OF CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CORPORATION, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 14202

Yankee

Landmarks abound in the vicinity of the University of Rhode Island. Thirty Acre Pond is one of New England's premier sites for parked-car romance. Narragansett Pier was one of the social centers of the East at the turn of the century. A few millionaires still play tennis at the nearby Newport Casino. And Rodman Hall, now used for women's physical education, was the birthplace

of breakneck basketball. It was there that Frank W. Kealey, who died last month in a Wakefield, R.I. hospital, pioneered the art of the fast break with such players as Pawtucket's Ernie Calverley.

The Rams are still running up and down the floor at maximum speed, but they are doing it in roomier Kealey Gymnasium, which is not a palace but does have a sauna. The man who winds them up these days is Calverley, somewhat heavier than during his college career and his years with the old Providence Steamrollers. Unfortunately, Ernie himself was about the last good basketball prospect to come out of the state's high schools, so he must constantly go prospecting in New York City and New Jersey to find the rare boys with enlarged lung capacities and radar-guided jump shots. He has a good enough crop this season to win the league title before losing early in the NCAA Eastern Regionals.

Calverley has a history of heart problems. He went into the service after his freshman season at Rhode Island, but he was let out because of a heart murmur. Still, doctors allowed him to play run-run basketball for Kealey and continue playing pro and semipro ball, from 1946 to 1955, and nothing untoward occurred. Then five years ago he suffered a heart attack, from which he recovered nicely. His heart must be O.K., now because last season he survived an agonizing eight-day period in which Rhode Island lost three two-point games on the road, two at the final buzzer.

If the close ones are to go the other way this time, in such far-flung places as Albuquerque and Irvine, Calif., Calverley must continue to get good performances from his 6'5" center, Art Stephenson, who averaged 20.9 points as a junior and scored 40 against St. Bonaventure at Madison Square Garden. Stephenson is built like a football lineman, but a large lump on his left thigh looks like just too much muscle to be believed. The muscle has pulled away from the bone, and doctors have decided that since it does not bother Art they will let it be. Not surprisingly, Stephenson is from New York City. The second-leading scorer, Larry Johnson, who averaged 17.1 last season, is from Newark. The two other returning players (Tom Hoyle and Joe Zaranka) are from the fertile asphalt jergles farther south. Somehow a promising soph-

omorce named John Fultz sneaked in from Natick, Mass.

Calverley has tapped Philadelphia for a chubby-looking but quick guard, Mike Schanne, who actually was recruited out of Ferrum (Va.) Junior College. He has an unusual but accurate jump shot that seems to be released two-handed. Ernie plays it cozy when it comes to predictions. "From what everybody tells me," he will concede, "we should be O.K."

Elsewhere in Grandma Moses country, defending champion Connecticut lost too many good players through graduation, but Vermont and New Hampshire finally have something to brag about besides the maple fudge. The Vermont Catamounts (a catamount is a Green Mountain version of a cougar) have a supersoph named Frank Martiniuk, who is from New Jersey, naturally. They won only one league game last season, however, so it is obvious they needed help. Coach Arthur Locke has numerous holdovers, including Dave Lapointe, whose father was a shortstop for the 1947 Phillies. In Durham, the New Hampshire Wildcats may have their first winning season in 16 years. One reason for New Hampshire optimism is the recent emphasis on recruiting. Another is the return of 6'3" Jeff Bannister of West Scarborough, Me., national AAU pentathlon champion in 1966, high school All-American in basketball, athlete of the year at Worcester Academy and 27-point scorer for the UNH freshmen. His grades slipped last fall, but he has brought them back to respectability and still has three varsity seasons left for Coach Bill Haubrich, who says, "Bannister is one of the finest boys I know. He'll be a starting centerman and is still shooting for the Olympics in the decathlon." In the other corner will be Bob Glover, 6'5", with Steve Say, also 6'5" and a starter last season, as sixth man. The backcourt consists of Captain Donny Hodgdon and Bronn Peters, alternates are Tom Cushman and Phil Blum. Center Bob Schultze is hard put to keep up with the others, but he is big (6'7") and strong. "We have no basketball tradition here," says Haubrich. "Before every game we have to convince ourselves that we can win. But I think you'd say there's a note of guarded optimism. My objective this season is not to lose 10."

Which is pretty guarded, all right.

Shooting for the Olympics as well as two points here, Jeff Bannister of New Hampshire was 1966 AAU Pentathlon champ. He averaged 30 as a freshman



HARD MAPLE is the only wood we use to smooth out Jack Daniel's. Any other maple is carried off and we don't care what happens to it.

A Tennessee whiskey tree is a *hard maple* from *high ground*. When anything else turns up, we always make sure it doesn't get mixed up with the good wood. For when this maple is rick-burned in the open air, it produces the special charcoal we need for Charcoal Mellowing. That's the process that helps give our whiskey its rare sippin' quality. After a taste, we feel, you'll be glad we have a reject system at Jack Daniel's.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Big Sky

Kip Motta, who is 9 years old and blond, collected 211 or 256 or 293 pieces of candy last Halloween. Kip counted them, but he wasn't really sure. The next morning he ate two pieces and marked them off in his head. Kip was sure of one thing—his little sister Jody was not about to grab off a couple of Twix or Rolos and cheat him out of some hard-won booty. Kip's father Dick, who coaches

the Weber State Wildcats, takes an equally tenuous hold on sweet rewards, the latest of which is an automatic berth in the NCAA tournament for the winner of Weber's Big Sky conference. Dick has been trick-or-treating on that one for years. All he used to get was razor blades in the apples. Now that the bid is there, it is up to Motta to go get it, by tricks or otherwise.

The Big Sky is six schools—Weber, Idaho, Idaho State, Montana, Montana State and Gonzaga—and a lot of, well, big sky. It was born three years ago and has been ignored ever since, except the day awhile back when the Gonzaga bulldog took a bite out of a referee. Montana State won the All-College tournament in Oklahoma City last season, tied for the league championship and, along with a couple of other Big Sky teams, beat some of the good Western independents. Montana State was not invited to the postseason tournaments, however, and the neglect finally riled up league officials to start helping Motta in his annual annoyance of the NCAA offices.

Weber (as in *ark de Larber*, never as in *levy*) has a campus consistent with the rest of a conference that has to be the most picturesque in the land. The school sits proudly on 275 acres at the base of Mount Ogden, nestled in the Wasatch Range with a beautiful view of the Great Salt Lake to the front and the "Greatest Snow On Earth" to the rear. The area is one of the few places in the United States that really does have four seasons. Weber was a junior college just five years ago, but by the end of this year it will have \$18 million worth of construction money filling the air and 9,000 students, all but 350 of them Ogden "townies." On homecoming eve the freshmen climb up the mountain to party and whitewash the big rocks that measure more than 100 feet long and form a "W" and, though that is about the extent of any traditional activities, the school is not so new that a few guys could not come down from Idaho last month and pelt the statue of Weber's founder with some well-chosen eggs.

Dick Motta, who arrived in 1960, has built a strong basketball program mainly on junior college talents left over from these early years. Recruiting freshmen from the state of Utah has been another story. Motta must compete for prospects in an area that, in 1966, had the winner of the

NIT (Brigham Young), an NCAA semifinalist (Utah) and one of the best independents in the land (Utah State). Still, he has won 60 games in the last three seasons, finished on top of the league two years ago and tied for third last season when the Big Sky had one of the closest races in the country. This year it should be the same.

Motta coaches all of his front-line men to hook coming across the key. That's right, hook. The best of them is Center Dan Sparks, 6'8", who averaged 15 points and 11 rebounds a game in his junior year. Also back to provide Weber with what probably will be the biggest team in the league are 6'7" Larry Bergh, 6'7" Ted Bryant and 6'5" Nolan Archibald. Bergh gives the Wildcats plenty of muscle while Bryant, who flopped last season after an outstanding sophomore year, adds finesse. Archibald, however, could be even more valuable. Now 24 years old after a hitch in the Air Force and a Mormon mission in Australia, he still is weak on fundamentals but is a remarkable jumper. Motta will have to find a place for JC transfer Gus Chatmon, 6'7", after he learns the system, and if Willis Bellamy, 6'5", is not red-shirted he also will contribute to the overkill of talent up front. It is in the backcourt that Weber is questionable. The Wildcats lost two guards and will have to go with Monte Vre-Non and little Roger Reed. Another transfer, Justin Thigpen, is a shooter who may help.

When it comes to guards, Idaho State is the most fortified. Coach Claude Retherford (The Prince of Pocastello) has Ron Boone and Chuck Parks, two all-league players there, and a couple of other veterans up front. They should keep the Bengals in contention all season with Montana State, which gets back 6'9" Center Jack Gillespie and adds a whole new team of junior college transfers.

Each team will face its Big Sky rivals three times this season but, because Weber has the worst of the schedule (two away games at Idaho State, Montana State and Gonzaga), that NCAA bid Dick Motta desired for so long may be awfully hard to come by. He speaks of it with reverence, almost as if it were not really the Big Sky's bid at all but his own and Weber State's. "It is my bid," says Motta. "I really feel like a ood, We did all the work for it, and we deserve it. We'll feel terrible if Weber doesn't get it the first year."

CONTINUED



Roger Craft, 6'8", always wanted a player he could look up to as Montana State Jack Gillespie, 6'9", came along and also became the Sky's best center

Norelco is just like Christmas.
It's getting closer and closer.



Home Barber Shop
Motor driven with 2
barbers attached to it.
I visited that at 10:15.
Basket packed in a
colorful basket with

A woman's shower
is a Greek religious.
The Club of the
One's do for you
and for your soul.

30 days of close
Mytrogen™ shows
on penlight batteries.
Name: A. COHEN
Pop-Top Speedshaver® 200
Covers in minutes with

A shower plug for beauty attachments. Only \$200.00
Beauty Sachet 25L3
Like having a beauty salon at home.

CLASSIC REALTY

Closed, locked and most comfortable
shown on wheels.
Triple quality JST
Pop-Loc bracket is
attractive metal
work.

Perfect first shower.
New Flip Top
Speedshaver 35
Microgroove heads
on off switch.
Bandolero strap
open wrist.

Take as many showers per charge as any other rechargeable. New Rechargeable Triphaser 4901. Showers with or without a cord. More features. Send. Model 4901.

Norelco

The close, fast, comfortable electric shave

Independents

HOUSTON

The T-Bear is gone, The Tree is gone, and The Savage has a kneecap that just won't work. But wait, The Big E is still around, so is The Duck, and here comes The Planet. Houston will live again to fight—and win—another day. Coach Guy Lewis took the Cougars on a 13-game tour of South America last summer, but the trip did not produce the consistent scorer he was looking for to go with Elvin (The Big E) Hayes. Elvin was one of two men to finish in the top ten in both points and rebounds last season, and he will face the other one, Alcindor, in the much-discussed rematch with UCLA on January 20 in the Astrodome. The Big E may have more help this time. Oon (The Duck) Chaney is an erratic shooter but he averaged 15 points as a junior and has a wingspan more like a Northeast Airline Yellowbird than a duck. Mars (The Planet) Evans, a 6'10" sophomore, has good potential though he missed a chance for some extra experience when a summer job kept him from making the South American tour. Lewis' major concern is filling the forward spot left by Melvin (The Savage) Bell. A knee operation has shelved Bell for the year, and that leaves 6'7" Theodis Lee, who is tall and can shoot but is no savage. Ken Spain, 6'9", who had a strong final game against North Carolina in the NCAA consolation final, will start the season at center while the guard spot opposite Chaney is being contested by sophomore Tom Gribben, Vern Lewis and two JC transfers, Billy Bane and George Reynolds. The Cougars will again match opponents by their size and, after playing 18 of their 28 games at home, will have a large hand in determining the outcome of the Midwest regional playoff. If Spain or Evans works out well in the middle, Hayes can play longer in the corner, where he is at his best. Corner or center, Elvin is the outstanding senior prospect at the land.

SYRACUSE

If Vaughn can get to class and Wayne can get some fire, Syracuse will be way up there on the backboards and right in there with a 20-victory season again. Vaughn is Vaughn Harper, the 6'4" senior forward who burst into fall view last season after a couple of journeyman years had obscured the promise he had shown at Boys High School in New

York City. Harper averaged 16 points and 14 rebounds a game last season, won the Most Valuable Player award in the Quaker City Tournament over all the stars at Louisville and Princeton and was the Orangemen's best rebounder and passer. Early in this preseason he started passing over the books, too. Effervescent Coach Freddie Lewis (now Dr. Fred, thank you, after earning his Ph.D. in education over the summer) quickly slapped Harper with a "disciplinary suspension" pending the time Vaughn saw fit to take in a couple of 9 o'clocks. Sophomore Wayne Ward, 6'7", will be Lewis' center and he will be a good one, especially if he can be jogged out of his nonchalance. Ward scored and rebounded at will for the undefeated freshmen, who also are sending 6'4" swingman Bill Case and Guard Ernie Austin to the varsity. Lewis has two excellent guards in Richie Cornwall, who passes, and Bob Kouze, 6'3" junior who missed part of the last year because of illness. George Hicker, who shoots—probably as well as anyone in college—will be opposite Harper, and Tom Ringelmann is another good shooter coming off the bench. Very strong and very deep, Syracuse is one of six eastern teams that will try to beat Louisville out of New York's Holiday Festival championship. If the sophomores come along fast, the Orange may be the ones to do it.

DAYTON

The fate of the Dayton Flyers hinges on the questionable hinges of 6'4" Dornie May, the home-town boy whose 22 points and 17 rebounds a game helped them reach last season's NCAA finals and a useful collision with UCLA. May could not scrimmage for the first eight days of practice because he had damaged his knee in a pickup game. Doctors have assured Coach Don Donohue that May will soon be healthy, but Donohue cannot wait for soon. His star's rehabilitation program is making him nervous. Dayton has three other starters back, plus three good newcomers from a 20-1 freshman team. The forward opposite May is 6'6" junior Dan Sadler, who bloomed late and took the job away from 6'6" Glendon Toran, who also is back as a forward-center swingman. It was the brash Toran who boasted he could handle the starting job against Lew Alcindor in the final—where-

upon Lew knocked his first three shots into the sixth row. Junior Center Don O'Brovac, 6'10", is in danger of losing his job to Chicagoan George Junky, a 6'8", 240-pound sophomore who led the freshmen in scoring and rebounding. A little color is added by the sophomore Gotschall twins, Jim and Jerry, 6'2", who led Chaminade High of Dayton to the Ohio Class AA title two years ago. "We have the experience and depth to make us a better team," says Donohue, "but we've also got the toughest schedule in Dayton's history. We'll have to win 20 [of 26 scheduled games] to get another NCAA bid." And Mr. May will have to get well.

VPI

Back there in the hills of Blacksburg, Va., the Virginia Polytechnic Institute athletic teams (the VPIs) do not attract much attention. Then they slip out and beat everybody in sight. The football team has been doing it for a couple of seasons and so has Coach Howe Shannon's basketball team. Last year Shannon's Gobblers were very young; they beaty shocked Duke 85-71 in their very first game. And they were quick learners, humiliated by Toledo in the final game of the season, they came right back to beat the Rockets in the Midwest regional. There, Virginia Tech defeated Indiana and had Dayton down by 10 with eight minutes to go. "At that point we couldn't do anything," Shannon recalls. "We missed free throws, we threw the ball away, they tied us and we missed a shot at the buzzer." Dayton won in overtime, and Shannon vowed he'd be back. "We're not going to overpower anybody," he says, "but we'll be quicker. My guys are better right now than when we closed last season in the regional." VPI will not be a big team, but size was not their strong suit last year, either. Valuable Ken Perry is gone from the 20-7 team, but 6'4" Wayne Mallard is a solid replacement and the other four starters are all back. Ken Talley, who has gained an inch at the top and 20 pounds around, is now 6'7" and 225. He will be at center with 6'5" jumper Ted Ware opposite Mallard. Shannon also has 6'9" John Wetzel, bigger than anyone on his first team, to come off the bench. Wetzel

continued



Plowed in?
Plow out with twice the "grip"
in a 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

Flip one simple lever for the extra traction of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

Winter's a different story with a 'Jeep' Wagoneer. You don't worry about getting plowed in...or making it home after a bad snow storm. You're not afraid of icy hills or rain slick roads. Just flip one simple lever into famous 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive (at any speed), you've got twice the traction. Twice the "bite." Twice the safety. You go through winter driving hazards with all the confidence of summer driving. And...you're comfortable! Your 'Jeep' Wagoneer has all the options you ex-

pect: V-8 engine, Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, air conditioning, and a host of others. All the standard safety items, also some safety features you won't find on other cars...for instance, the gas tank is centered inside the chassis, for greater protection. Plus the extra safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. Test drive the 'Jeep' Wagoneer, today. You may never shovel out your driveway again!

KAISER JEEP CORPORATION

© 1978 KAISER JEEP CORP.



St double test of load space: You've got a bigger trailer opening, and longer cargo area than many wagons for longer. Even a sofa will fit—no problem!

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

**like father...
like son...
like Budweiser**

Bud has a taste, smoothness and drinkability that make 3 generations of Budweiser drinkers the largest, most loyal clan of beer drinkers in the world.





*Budweiser is the best reason
in the world to drink beer*

Riviera offers a choice of 15 colors and 14 interior trim combinations with bucket or bench seats. 430 cu. in., 360 hp V-8, Super Turbine automatic transmission with tilt steering wheel. Riviera features a full line of GM safety equipment such as backup lights and side marker lights.



"They didn't louse it up!"

"Buick started off with a classic design and they stayed with it—for good reason. The simple sculptured look was unique at the time and it still is. I'm glad they didn't louse it up by changing it!"

Joe Meyer, Stockbroker.

"You can buy a medium-priced car with all the optional extras and suddenly you're paying a price that's almost as much as the Buick Riviera. I was pleased to find Riviera's tilt wheel, power steering and power brakes are standard equipment!"

"I think Riviera is a very attractive investment. It should certainly be on anybody's recommended buy list! Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?"



www.buick.com

played little last season but is the Gobblers' most improved player. In backcourt, Glen Combs is the offensive man while Chris Ellis, a surprise last year, feeds and plays defense. VPI will use the single post offense despite Talley's size, but Combs is the key man. Like many Kentucky schoolboys (Car Creek is his home), Combs is a first-rate shooter. He hit from outside for 21 points a game last season, good enough to discourage opponents from throwing zones at the small Gobblers. Tech will have to continue its strong finish through the early going this season to earn recognition, because the first two games are on the road at Duke and North Carolina. If they won those two, you can start calling the VPIs VPIs.

UTEP

David Latin is tall, mean and thick with muscles—just the attributes needed to brawl under baskets—and he also has an accurate corner jump shot. Just how many of those jumpers would have swished through for the University of Texas at El Paso (formerly and more agreeably called Texas Western) will never be known, because Latin, seldom very dedicated anyway, chose to sign a pro contract and skip his last year of eligibility. He will not be around for Coach Don Haskins to yell at, and the Miners might be better for his absence. "Don't think for one minute that losing Latin and his attitude is going to hurt that bunch," says a pro scout. "Phil Harris at 6'10" isn't bad, and Willie Cager and Willie Worsley are good college players. That guy [Haskins] does a good coaching job, and they'll be tough." Harris, a junior who lost some fingers in a childhood accident, and seniors Cager and Worsley are all from New York, which is not surprising since most Texans still think basketball is a Yankee plot to ruin football players. Harris averaged only eight points and six rebounds as a somewhat clumsy sophomore, and he is recovering from a knee injury, but he will have help in the backboard moles from 6'7" Tom Isaac, up from the freshman team, and JC product Howard McDonald, 6'8". Cager and Worsley (a stumpy guard who can dunk—or could if it were still legal) are well drilled in Haskins' deep-rooted, semi-religious philosophy, which has only one

commandment: Thou shalt not let an opponent score without rendering him scarred and bloody. They also can score, Worsley with a furious outside jumper and Cager with an amazing variety of twisting drives he must have learned while dodging ash cans on Bronx playgrounds. Haskins has promising newcomers, including McDonald and New Yorker Nate Archibald, who were stashed away in junior colleges last season, and they will help him with perhaps his finest outside attack. In six years at UTEP, aided by big guys like Latin, Bud News Barnes and Nevil Shed, Haskins has a 130-32 record and one NCAA title. Attacking inside or out, he should improve his percentage with this bunch.

MARQUETTE

Lacking only the big pivotman, Marquette still has three men who "can play over the rim," as Coach Al McGuire puts it. The most important of the leapers is 6'2" Forward George Thompson, who led the team to the finals of the NIT last season. McGuire says he asked Thompson to do only one thing this past summer—develop an outside shot. George has done it, which will help against opponents like Dayton, Denver and St. John's. The other over-the-rammers are 6'3" Pat Smith and a new man, 6'4" Joe Thomas. Smith is a nearsighted center who cannot see the basket unless he is up close, but he plays the position as if he were 6'9". The team captain and steadyest of the Warners is Brian Brunkhorst, who at 6'6" is also the tallest man. And McGuire has a strong bench. "The killer instinct is there this year," he says, "and we all can feel it. There's pride in the team now, and talent enough so we are capable of playing with anyone."

BOSTON COLLEGE

Bob Cousy deserves all the respect he gets, but sometimes it comes at the strangest moments, like the day a few years ago when he was working out with his Boston College team. He came up with the ball near his defensive basket and, suddenly, there was a shout from the other end of the court. All-America John Aueron yelled, "Down here, Mr. Cousy! Down here, Mr. Cousy!" During his years with the Celtics, Cousy became accustomed to an odd display of esteem from another source. As he drove

from Boston to Worcester early in the morning after a game, he would be pulled over by the state police. "I've had the same license plate [BC-1] for years, and all the policemen know it," he says. "They'd get lonely at 2 or 3 in the morning and would stop me just to talk." At BC now, Cousy senses that, as he puts it, "the awe has begun to wear off." His players are more apt to call him Coach than Mr. Cousy. Which is also logical, in a sense, as he continues to earn respect as a coach. He team this year will surely earn it. Only two players are moving from last season's 21-3 squad, and the slack will be taken up by youngsters from the 18-1 freshman group. Sophomore Bob Duket comes up with a 26-point average and enough moves to challenge Forward Jim Kassane and Steve Adelman, whose nifty hook shot helped him hit 19 a game. For close-in scoring and rebounds there are a pair of big centers—6'7" Terry Driscoll and 6'10" Tom Paeymski, who has trimmed down to a semivelvet 215, Billy Evans and Jack Kvarac, two lefty guards, make the offense pop. It is fair to say of Evans that his ball handling and all-round play make him worthy to wear the No. 14 that Cousy wore for years. Cousy prefers a fast-break offense but will also use a 2-1-2 and a tandem in which two players line up on either side of the free-throw lane, then break pell-mell in a set play. Cousy calls it "organized free-lancing." To make the 2-1-2 work, Driscoll must develop more maneuverability. As they have in the past, the Eagles will score a lot of points, but their defense is far from leakproof. This seems to be a common failing of high-scoring teams, and it offers a test of Coach Cousy's skill this year.

Two gangs of Aggers will also be capable of playing anyone this year. At Utah State, Shaler (Super Shay) Halmon is a lean and fluid 6'6" guard, one of the most versatile—and exciting—players in college. Super Shay wears his hair in a high, exaggerated pompadour at the front, in the manner of the rhythm 'n' blues singer Little Richard, and he moves with the grace of a large, ebony colt. And New Mexico State, another advocate of the badlands ambush, gets back four men from the surprise team of last year that almost beat Houston out of an NCAA berth. Both States will be good again; this time it won't be a surprise.



The Case for the 12-foot Basket

BY MERVIN HYMAN

Raised baskets in Tennessee test game made rebounding tougher for 7' Tom Boerwinkle, here battling 6'5" Forward Roger Peltz for ball.

Let's say we're at Springfield 76 years ago, and I'm Dr. Naismith," says Coach Jack McCloskey of Wake Forest. "I nail a hoop somewhere on the wall and we start playing. The big fellows are tapping in shots and stuffing the ball into the basket, and it looks too easy. What do I do? I raise the baskets! So why not try it now?"

There are, of course, many ramifications to the overall debate that presently engrosses more and more thoughtful coaches, but McCloskey's statement is the heart of the argument for raising the baskets to 12 feet (see cover). When Dr. Naismith dreamed up the game in 1891 he never envisioned such now elementary refinements as five men to a side, backboards or Lew Alcindor. He simply nailed his peach baskets to the lower railing of a balcony in the old Springfield College gym and let his boys take aim with a soccer ball. The balcony rail happened to be 10 feet above the floor, and—thanks to this scientific precision—the hoop has been 10 feet high ever since.

In the early days of the sport, the height of the basket was almost accidental. Everyone threw the ball at the basket, that's what you were supposed to do. Today that height puts an inordinate premium on growth hormones, excessively benefiting both the tall athlete and the nonathlete who happens to be tall. This season nearly 100 seven-footers will be playing basketball in the U.S., and very few of them have anything like the ability of UCLA's Alcindor. They have thrown the game out of kilter.

"College basketball is in grave danger of sinking in a mire of boredom," says University of California Athletic Director Pete Newell. "It was meant to be a game of balanced skills, but they are fast becoming overshadowed by the tall player with his control of rebounds, easy tip-ins and shot-blocking. The game is cluttering itself up around him."

To combat the giants, coaches and rulemakers have searched everywhere, including the loony bin, for ideas. They put a time limit on staying in the foul lane (1936), eliminated the center jump after every basket (1937), outlawed goaltending (1944), widened the foul lane (1956), banned dunking (1966)—and continued to recruit big boys for their own teams. They also have slowed the game down on occasion to the pace of

a chess tournament, on the theory that the fewer chances the giants have to get at the ball, the less harm they can do. All along, say the advocates of the 12-foot basket, the major solution has been to change the game's critical dimension by two feet.

McCloskey, who staged a game with 11½-foot baskets several years ago when he coached at Penn, says, "Basketball is unique in this respect—I don't know another sport where a player can be so dominating and actually lack talent. Why is there so much resistance to change? Unfortunately, too many coaches don't look at it as something good for the game. They're only concerned about whether it is good for them."

"I'm not talking against the big man if he has talent. With a 12-foot basket, he would still be a factor. But he would have to shoot the ball instead of tapping it down. The 10-foot basket is just no longer adequate. Chamberlain is a good example of why it isn't. He's broken every record for scoring and for shooting accuracy, but you put him 15 feet from the basket, at the foul line, and he's the worst."

With the higher hoop, it is claimed, the big men would have to learn the real skills of the game—shooting, dribbling, passing and defense. More important, it would bring the talented little man back to a position of relative value on a par with his skills. Fewer of his shots would be blocked because he would be shooting with a higher arc to reach the goal. He would have a better chance at rebounds because many of them would bounce farther away from the rim than formerly. Given time to adjust to the new height, today's good shooters would still be superior to the others—and the little men are often the best on the team.

Still, the majority of coaches are antagonistic at the mere mention of changing anything about basketball. (Few have ever seen a 12-foot basket.) "I like the game the way it is," says Shelby Metcalf of Texas A&M. "I wish they'd leave us alone and just let us play." Loyola of Chicago's George Ireland calls the whole idea "silly," and Syracuse's Dr. Fred Lewis insists, "The only reason to do it would be to legislate against the big man. It's just not right to penalize a player's talents." (Lewis has a 6'11" youngster on his freshman team whom

he already compares favorably with Alcindor.) Abe Lemons, the country humorist at Oklahoma City U., says flatly, "Most defensive coaches like it because it would cut out the shooters. All they know is one end of the court, anyway." But, adds Abe, who is noted for his run-and-gun game, "It really doesn't make any difference where they put the basket. We'd find it if they put it under the stands or in the parking lot."

Notre Dame's Johnny Dee reacts like any coach who has just recruited two 6'9" freshmen. "The game would be like water polo," he claims. "Everyone sloshing around under the basket and no scoring. You'd have to take the shot, hope for the rebound and then work it in again." (And what, ask the advocates, is wrong with that?) John Wooden of UCLA does not like it either, and he says his opinion is not based on Alcindor's presence for two more seasons. "Why tamper with the basic concepts?" he asks. "I was opposed to it 10 years ago and I will be against it three years from now. If you're really trying to help the little man, then lower the basket—and I'm against that, too. The whole thing is so farfetched that it is ridiculous for anyone to even experiment with it."

In the middle of the road are such coaches as John Benington of Michigan State, Don Donohue of Dayton, Vic Bubas of Duke, Jack Kraft of Villanova and Bill Foster of Rutgers. They want some experimentation before they decide. "We're all too slow to change," admits Benington. "I guess because it changes your own thinking and habits. But I think it is worth experimenting with." Donohue, whose Flyers were grounded by UCLA and Big Lew in last March's NCAA Final at Louisville, has one happy thought anyway. "Maybe it will bring back the two-hand set shot." (It undoubtedly would.)

The idea of a 12-foot basket is hardly new. As far back as 1932, Coach Forrest (Phog) Allen of Kansas was arguing that the baskets should be raised. "In the early 1930s," he says, "I foresaw that the influx into the game of more and more big men would ultimately make a travesty of basketball. Actually, I had a 7-footer in 1927. I was convinced that eventually 12-foot baskets would be necessary." Allen does not

continued

Haste makes sense



The sooner you put Contac® to work on your cold, the fewer sniffles you'll sniff. The fewer sneezes you'll sneeze. The less stuffy your poor nose will get.

So why put off feeling good?

Over 600 "tiny time pills" in each Contac capsule can help you feel better every minute of every day of every cold you catch.

If this makes sense, make haste to your pharmacy.

Contac. The sooner the better. Menley & James Laboratories, Philadelphia.



12-foot Basket *continued*

agree with those who claim shooting would be less accurate. "The muscles of the eyes accommodate easily to changes in height," he says. "Once this accommodation is made it is just as easy to shoot at a 12-foot basket as it is at a 10-foot one."

Allen also contends that some rebounds are likely to bounce out from the backboard or rim as much as six feet farther than at present, thereby eliminating congestion underneath and opening up the game. "The worst position on the court would be directly under the goal," he says.

Allen, Newell and McCloskey have staunch supporters in Ralph Miller of Iowa and Ray Meyer of DePaul. Miller has used 12-foot baskets in practice for 15 years. "It helps our players shoot better," he says. "They can't just throw the ball at a 12-foot basket. Now, many players shoot hard, flat shots, like pegging to second base. They would have to learn correct form." Meyer is confident it would aid the little men. "They usually are better shooters, and once the basket is raised they would quickly adjust by putting a higher arc on their shots," he says. "Then the big men would have to come out to try to block the shot. If he doesn't come out, the shooter has a clear shot. If he commits himself to the block, he no longer has good rebounding position. Also, the ball handling would be better. You'd see better passing under the basket. The 12-foot change is inevitable."

Henry Iba of Oklahoma State and Ned Wulk of Arizona State would like to see a change, but they are a bit more conservative. "Somewhere between 11 and 11½ feet would be all right," says Iba. "It would give us a better outside game." Wulk votes for 11 feet. "Twelve feet distorts the game too much," he says. "Eleven would be better. It would solve the goaltending problem and make the big guy shoot at—not into—the basket."

There have been several experimental games played with 12-foot baskets. Allen staged three at Kansas in the early 1930s and Newell played one at California in 1961. When he coached at Michigan State, Ferdie Anderson experimented with the idea in 1962. However, the most comprehensive study was conducted by Stan Morrison, a former Cal player who is now an assistant coach at

San Jose State. Morrison played in Newell's game and was so taken with the change that he wrote his master's thesis on it at Sacramento State. For research, he gathered a group of college players in Sacramento and played six games, three with 10-foot baskets and three with 12-footers.

Morrison's findings indicate that with 12-foot baskets the tap-in would be instantly obsolete and blocked shots infrequent. There would be less fouling, particularly underneath the nets, and shooting percentages would not vary much. Half of the small men actually shot better at raised baskets.

In the most recent test, early in November, Coach Ray Mears of Tennessee co-operated with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED by playing his Orange-White pre-season intrasquad game with 12-foot baskets. Raising them was simple. University maintenance men built a two-foot pipe extension and installed it at the base of the stand. The job took about three hours and cost less than \$30.

Mears divided his squad into two teams, splitting up his first stringers with 7' Tom Boerwinkle on the Orange team and 6'10" sophomore Bobby Croft on the White. The players practiced on the higher baskets for only about 40 minutes the afternoon of the game and again in the pregame warmup. In the contest, played before 5,100 curious people in Tennessee's Stokely Athletics Center, the Oranges missed their first eight shots, the Whites their first nine, and the overall shooting was poor—20% for the Oranges, 25.7% for the Whites, who won 43-36. Poor shooting was not surprising because none of the players had had enough time to become familiar with the new dimensions, but all agreed that they could achieve former accuracy with practice.

What surprised many was that the biggest man, Boerwinkle, who is fairly agile and quick, had the most difficulty. While he had 15 rebounds, a little above his average, he had trouble getting them, although most of the missed shots fell within a 12-foot radius of the basket. He had no chance at all to get the shots that hit the front of the rim. The rebounds usually caromed over his head and were taken by one of the smaller men. On many shots the ball took longer to come down, giving the other players time to crowd into the lane and fight

continued



PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN SCOTCH FOR CENTURIES. BUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS.

The English gave Scotch whiskeys as early as 1631 when it was reported that a lady, Marie Montgomerie, gave "three little barrels of Scotch account" to an influential English statesman, Mr. Secretary Danbester.

The Scots gave Scotch because it was the only whisky they had to give.

The English gave Scotch for reasons of state.

Today, many Americans give Scotch because it's the thing to do.

Yet some of your Scotch-drinking friends can't drink Scotch without a secret little shudder. (Whether they admit it or not, they don't really like the taste.)

This year why not treat them to a Scotch

that's different. A Scotch that actually tastes good. 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop giving Scotch because it's a habit. And start giving it because it's a pleasure.

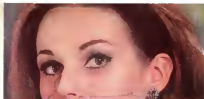
EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF

SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



If she's going to give you something
that smells good for Christmas
...and you know she is...



Whisper Rexall in her ear



Golden Sovereign

For the buccasser in every man

This rugged scent comes in After Shave, Electric Pre-Shave, Cologne, Spray Cologne, Deodorant Stick, Aerosol Shave Cream, Hand and Bath Soap. It's definitely not for the timid, so don't say we didn't warn you! Gift sets, \$3.50 to \$6.50; individually, \$1.25 to \$3.00.



Stag

Fresh as all outdoors.

Lightly hinting of tall mountain pines, Stag comes in After Shower Tale or Refresher, After Shave, Cologne, Electric Pre-Shave. Gift sets, \$2.25 to \$3.50; individual Stag items from \$1.00 to \$1.50.



Royal Stag

The ultimate in masculine luxury

A sophisticated scent that'll give you that "chairman of the board" feeling... and have her whispering in your ear before you know it! Spray Cologne, Cologne, After Shave, Electric Pre-Shave and Aerosol Shave Cream. Gift sets, \$3.00 to \$5.50; individually, \$1.00 to \$3.00.



Kinetic

Where the action starts

It's NOW... it's POW... it's what's happening among the swingers who know a good thing when they get wind of it. Kinetic's the grooviest After Shave Cologne on the scene (she'll be first to agree.) \$2.50

THESE REXALL
MAN-SCENTS
ARE AVAILABLE
ONLY AT
REXALL STORES



Boerwinkle for the ball. Several times he had the ball stolen away when he came down with it. He failed to block a single shot and did not score on a tip-in. He made only one basket in 16 tries, a jump shot from the foul line.

The small men quickly learned they could shoot better from outside, and they concentrated on shots in the 15-to-25-foot range. Their accuracy, understandably, was not good, but it was apparent that the higher basket would encourage more long jump and set shots. There were fewer layups than normally, but the little men were more adept at this because they were used to shooting the ball up rather than literally laying it in, as big men often do on 10-foot baskets. Boerwinkle's layups almost always hit the back of the rim.

"The closer you are to the basket, the harder it is to shoot a jump shot," said 6'1" Bill Justus, "because then you have to go almost straight up with the ball." After the game Boerwinkle shook his head. "I hope 12-foot baskets never come about," he said. "I couldn't maneuver as well underneath because the ball hung up there on rebounds and the extra time gave the smaller players a chance to get at it—and at me, too. Usually I block six or eight shots a game, but I didn't have a chance tonight because of the higher arc. I couldn't get to the ball."

What bothered Tom even more was his inability to tap the ball into the basket. "There is just no way to get a tip-in," he said. "I couldn't get over the rim no matter how hard I jumped, so all I was able to do was slap at the ball. I had no control. I think maybe I could get used to a 12-foot basket, but I'd sure hate to have to try."

Before the game Mears had been skeptical about what higher hoops would do to the big man. "I really didn't think it would hurt Boerwinkle as much as it did," he said. "But he was in a crowd most of the time and had trouble wheeling out of there. With 12-foot baskets the big man would have to learn to play like a little man, with finesse and agility. The premium wouldn't be on the seven-footer so much. It would be on the in-between players—in the 6'3" to 6'7" range—who can operate around the basket. You would probably see a faster game."

Probably a better one, too.

BY NO

Your Homelite chain saw dealer has a Christmas Special

A Homelite XL-101 chain saw for Father, a new action toy chain saw for Junior.

The XL-101 is the newest of the world's fastest-selling line of chain saws. It weighs only 10 1/2 pounds*, yet cuts through 12-inch logs in 8 seconds. Its balance, light weight and fast cutting make it a perfect gift for dad for cutting firewood, trimming branches, or clearing away storm

damage. Other Homelite chain saws are priced as low as \$129.95.

The toy chain saw has a moving bead chain. It simulates the sound of a motor, is perfectly safe, costs only \$4.95, and needs no batteries.

Together they make a great gift team. They're available now from that expert gift counselor, your nearby Homelite chain saw dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

*Less bar and chain

HOMELITE®
5012 RIVERDALE AVENUE
PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

Alextron
DIVISION

CHAIN SAW

A grand street fight in Disappointment Alley

There was nothing at stake but pride when two slightly tarnished giants, Miami and Notre Dame, squared off in Florida, but that proved incentive enough to produce a thunderous battle and a thrilling Irish win

In the beginning they were going to be giants, and their game was going to decide the national championship. But providence shrugged, and before the season was much past the national anthem both Notre Dame and Miami had lost two games. Miami Coach Charlie Tate found there was no escaping it. On one occasion he went to a quiet little Chinese restaurant where he could avoid his critics at lunchtime, and four total strangers came up to him with suggestions. So one night, with nobody to talk to but himself, he sat at his desk at home, took up pad and pencil, and by dawn he had rewritten Miami's offense. He turned Miami into a running team.

In far-off South Bend, Ind., about the same time, Ara Parseghian was telling his Irish players much the same thing. He said he was going to quit having Terry Hanratty throw 4,000 passes a game, because the linemen were getting soft, blocking in mark time and saying to themselves, "What, us worry? Terry will throw one and pull it out." Ara

told them straight: fellas, there ain't no easy way to win. After that, the Notre Dame team that was to have been 1967's biggest, strongest and most likely to succeed began to play. It came off losses to Purdue and Southern Cal with a 3-2 record and won five straight. And Miami's Hurricanes won six straight. So the two of them grew into giants, of a sort, after all. Last week, on a balmy night in Miami, they met on schedule.

It was not the collision heard round the world that had been predicted in September, but it at least reached the quivering ears of the most distant ticket-holder in the Orange Bowl, where 77,265 nervous cases, sitting on the grass and in the aisles, made up the largest crowd ever to see a football game in Florida.

The decision went to Notre Dame 24-22. No knockout. It might just as well have been a draw, or gone the other way. Neither team deserved to lose. At times, so violent were the bumps and grinds, so heavy the twists of fortune that neither team seemed destined to

win. Miami got two touchdowns 18 seconds apart in the second quarter—nobody had scored on Notre Dame in the second quarter all year—and had to drive all of 26 yards to get them. The first was set up by a 49-yard punt return by a crocket named Jimmy Dye, who is 20 pounds smaller than anybody on the Notre Dame team. The second came when Notre Dame's Dan Harshman fumbled the following kickoff after a vicious tackle and Miami recovered the ball on the 17.

But fate giveth and fate taketh away. The Hurricanes missed the extra point after their second touchdown, which left them ahead 13-3. The miss probably cost them a tie. Notre Dame came back to lead 24-16 in the fourth quarter, and then Miami scratched out its last touchdown, to make it 24-22 with three minutes to play. Tate now ordered a two-point conversion that was to begin with his quarterback—Bill Miller, at the time—asking for the ball to be placed on the left hashmark so that he could roll to the right. Miller, in his excitement, did not do this. His roll-out came to the wrong side and into the jaws of Notre Dame defensesmen he should have steered clear of—Kevin Hardy, Bob Olson, Tom O'Leary and many people like them. Olson easily batted away Miller's pass, and Notre Dame had its win.

It was not the type of game that either team expected. They had played to a 0-0 tie in the same park two years ago and, though both had added firepower since then, a low scorer was the prospect. Parseghian's defense coach, John Ray, sat with two other assistants in the team's retreat on Key Biscayne—away from the gash distractions of Miami Beach—the night before the game and outlined how he expected to stop Miami's running: "They'll try to go outside, options and sweeps, and here's how we'll . . ."

Well, Miami lost its best runner, Vince



NOTRE DAME'S ZIMMERMAN BREAKS LOOSE ON KIND OF RUN THAT DEFEATED MIAMI

Opalsky, with a painfully bruised hip early in the first quarter, which ended up the casualty list of running backs because Notre Dame Captain Rocky Bleier was out, too. But Miami never intended to challenge that monolithic Notre Dame line. Instead, the Hurricanes had decided to pass. The fancy game was back. Thirty-nine passes. Halfback passes even, and screen passes off fake draws. The attack was as well conceived as it was surprising. It came out of a wide-open double slot, which is a passing formation, pure and not-so-simple, and Notre Dame never did quite catch on. The Irish were too wary to penetrate, or unable to, because Miami's protection was excellent. Unfortunately, Miami's passing was not excellent. The slotbacks were open frequently, but neither Miller nor David Oliver got the ball to them. They did, however, make use of their best receivers, Jimmy Cox and Jerry Duanne, on deep curl patterns, and these were their principal gamers. No reflection on Oliver and Miller is intended. As John Ray said, "Only one Hanratty to a side."

In the last half of the season, in which Notre Dame eschewed the forward pass, life was not as glamorous for Terry Hanratty as it had been when he was appearing on magazine covers with Jim Seymour. He threw 143 passes in the first five games (63 against Purdue), only 63 in the last five. But he is a remarkably poised young man who catches on. In that agony of withdrawal from throw-throw-throw he found the ecstasy of not having his passes stolen-stolen-stolen. Trying to cut too fine a line, he had 15 passes intercepted in the first five games. He had none intercepted in the last five.

Hanratty found that Miami's defense was the best he had faced, and against it he threw only 12 times. But he knew when to throw, and he threw well. Nor was he dispirited when Miami's mad-dog defensive ends, Ted Hendricks and Phil Smith, kept sitting on his helmet.

"I read all about that Hendricks," said Hanratty afterward. "I knew what his number was, 89; how much he weighed, 220; how tall he was, 6'7". I did not believe he was as good as people said. I was right. He was better."

Miami did things to Notre Dame that no other team could do. It held the offense to 250 yards and, except for Southern Cal, was the only team that out-

gained the Irish. But when Notre Dame's opportunities presented themselves, Hanratty was right there, checking off at the line of scrimmage and giving Halfback Bob Gladieux and Fullback Jeff Zimmerman cracks at the places Hendricks and Smith and Tackle Bob Tarek could not reach. Notre Dame ran on Miami like no other team could. Hanratty passed only once in a drive to a first-quarter field goal. He threw to Seymour for 14 yards, then whipped a neat little screen to Zimmerman—who is neither neat nor little—for 39 yards to set up the touchdown that cut Miami's edge to 13-10. The touchdowns that put Notre Dame ahead in the third quarter was all leg—50 yards, mostly drives off tackle. Hanratty caught Miami's tackles lining up too tight, convinced the ends to stay loose and powered into the gaps, with Zimmerman getting five, 10 and 18 yards. On short yardage plays the Irish even dusted off a reasonable facsimile of the flying wedge: nine men on the line—four of them tackles—with only the quarterback and Zimmerman behind them. Straight ahead. Brute force.

The touchdown that made it 24-16 came after Miller threw for an interception at the Miami 38. Gladieux got the whole business on two carries. Hanratty caught Miami overshifting to the strong side of Notre Dame's unbalanced line and came back to the weak side with Gladieux zipping behind blockers. The play is called a tear sweep. The sweeps were Gladieux's—the tears Miami's.

So the season ends well for both these late-bloomers. Miami has a nationally televised date with Florida coming up, then gets to take its new-found appreciation to the Bluebonnet Bowl because, as they say in Miami, the Orange Bowl committee jumped to conclusions and jumped to Oklahoma. Notre Dame stayed the weekend in Miami, languishing in the sand on Key Biscayne. Hanratty could not wait. As soon as he got back to the hotel after the game he rounded up a partner and headed for the ocean. Parseghian's swim was in the shower stalls. He and the other coaches were delivered there, fully clothed, by the Notre Dame team. He said he loved it. He now has some leisure and some golf to contemplate. It's a long way to April, when everybody will start picking him to win the national championship again. He won't love that.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE BOWLS

The shopping for postseason bowl attractions is over. Despite some notable omissions, such as Army (8-1) and Syracuse (8-2)—one banned by the Pentagon, the other by its own choice—all the spots are filled. The Orange Bowl has the prize combination—Tennessee (8-1) vs. Oklahoma (8-1) while the Rose has the season's two most interesting teams—USC (9-1) vs. Indiana (9-1). The other pairings: Sugar—LSU (6-3-1) vs. Wyoming (10-0). Cotton—Texas A&M (6-4) vs. Alabama (7-1-1). Gator—Penn State (8-2) vs. Florida State (7-2-1). Bluebonnet—Colorado (8-2) vs. Miami (6-3). Sun—Mississippi (5-3-1) vs. Texas at El Paso (6-2-1). Liberty—Georgia (7-3) vs. North Carolina State (8-2).

THE MIDWEST 1. OKLAHOMA (8-1) 2. INDIANA (9-1) 3. PURDUE (8-2)

There was a hint of California in the air at Indiana's stadium last Saturday. The temperature was a balmy 57°, and most of the men in the overflow crowd of 52,770, including IU President Elvis Stahr, wore PASADENA A-GO-GO buttons. The women sported roses and signs that read WE SMELL ROSES. Indiana's happy team, which had been merely turning its mistakes into unexpected victories all season, picked up the score early against highly favored Purdue. Fullback Terry Cole's 42-yard run set up Quarterback Harry Genson's seven-yard touchdown pass to Flanker Jack Butcher in the first quarter. After some Purdue fumbling, Mike Kowosha scored from the two-yard line, and moments later Cole burst through the Boilermaker middle for 63 yards and a third Indiana touchdown, as the Hoosiers built up a 19-7 half-time lead. Meanwhile Purdue was having the kind of day teams do against Indiana. For example, All-America-for-sure Leroy Keyes dropped two passes, one in the clear on the Indiana five, and fumbled once. It was all over for the Boilermakers when their fullback, Perry Williams, who had scored twice, dropped the ball on the Indiana one in the last quarter. That gave the Hoosiers a 19-14 win, a three-way tie for the Big Ten title with Purdue and Minnesota and, best of all, their first trip to the Rose Bowl.

Minnesota, meanwhile, got a piece of a championship that it did not especially want by beating Wisconsin 21-14. The Gophers knew the only way they could share the title was if Indiana upset Purdue. But they also knew that it would knock them out of the Rose Bowl, since they had gone twice in the past 10 years and the Hoosiers had

continued

Villa D'Este has a masculine, for-
esty kind of smell.
That lasts. We
blend it from rare
wood oils, ferns
and mosses. Most
people we ask like
it. Maybe you will,
too. After Shave
\$4 and \$7. Co-
logne \$5 and \$9.

**VILLA
D'ESTE**
AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE

For a sample bottle of
Villa D'Este, send us \$6.

**it smells
good**

MCU COMPANY INC. NEWFAIRLE, NEW JERSEY



Trip plight? Expedite!

Gentlemen:

Please send your new free

52-page travelbooklet troubleshooter /

Saves me time and fuss in travel

planning / Complete Master Hosts

list of great motor hotels /

Covers 254 cities, 48

states and 6 foreign countries /

Tells where to find them,

what extra services and recreation

facilities / Free reservation and

"how much is it going to cost?"

information / A vital aid for advanced trip plotting.



MASTER HOSTS, Dept SP-1 6801 West Freeway, Fort Worth, Texas 76116

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

never been to Pasadena. The report of the Indiana score did not deter the Gophers, who crunched away diligently at the Badgers until they had their victory and, in this case, the consolation prize.

Michigan State, however, gladly would have settled for Minnesota's misfortune. The best last year's champions could get was a 41-27 win over Northwestern, their

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Syracuse Quarterback Rick Casata, who completed 11 of 35 passes for 166 yards and two touchdowns and ran for 119 yards, scoring twice and outplaying UCLA's wounded Gary Behan in a 32-14 upset of Bruins.

THE LINEBACK: End Phil Odle, who scored three times in Brigham Young's defeat of San Jose State, became nation's leading receiver by catching 11 passes (he has 78) for 111 yards, set a Western AC record for receptions in a season.

third in a disastrous year. Ohio State finished strong, beating Michigan 24-14 for its fourth straight and a 6-3 season.

Oklahoma won the Big Eight championship, but not until Nebraska had given the Sooners a most unpleasant day. The Huskers led 14-13 at half time, and then interceptions, fumbles and a poor punt stopped their offense. In the fourth quarter Halfback Eddie Hinson caught Nebraska's end crashing on a sweep and went 22 yards for a touchdown, and the Sooners won 21-14. Kansas beat Missouri 17-6 to tie for second, the big play being Quarterback Bob Douglas' 52-yard pass to Flanker Ben Olson that put the Jayhawks ahead 7-6. "It was one of my pet plays," explained Coach Pepper Rodgers. "We call it everybody out for the long pass."

Houston's Cougars reaped the reward of running up the score a year ago. Tulsa, beaten 73-14 in 1966, reacted strongly by recovering six Houston fumbles, intercepting two passes and winning 22-13, Toledo, winding up its best season ever (9-1), buried Villanova 52-6.

THE EAST 1. PENN. STATE (8-2)
2. ARMY (5-1) 3. VIRGINIA (3-2)

What started out as a "wait until next year" season ended as Penn State's best in five years. Coach Joe Paterno juggled his sophomores judiciously when injuries benched five starters, and his Lions upset Miami, barely lost to UCLA and then defeated Syracuse and North Carolina State. Last Saturday it was Pat's turn to take a lashing. While the tough State defense frustrated the Panthers, senior Quarterback Tom Sherman passed for four touchdowns, sophomore Fullback Don Abbey scored twice and kicked six extra points and the Lions came up with a 42-6 win and a good chance

continued

**Decton Perma-Iron:
the no-iron shirt
that doesn't mean maybe.**

Wash it.
Tumble dry.
Wear it. That's all.
Rich oxford in a choice
of 21 vivid colors.
"Sanforized-Plus."
Dacron® polyester and
cotton blend.
Arrow Cum Laude.
\$7.00.

→ARROW←

Continental designers and engineers start with the finest car made in America.

They refine it: Wraparound parking lights and taillights. A new coupé roof line.

Improve it: Instrument panel. Interiors. A smoother shifting transmission.

Test it over 2000 times. Then test it again: our 12-mile road test.

Only then is it ready for your approval:
the 1968 Continental.



America's most distinguished motorcar.

Lincoln Continental



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





First choice of the Engageables

Love and romance are reflected forever in the brilliant styling of every Keepsake diamond engagement ring. Each setting is a masterpiece of design, enhancing the full brilliance and beauty of the center diamond... a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut.

The name, Keepsake, in the ring and on the tag is your assurance of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. Your very personal Keepsake is awaiting your selection at your Keepsake Jeweler's store. Find him in the yellow pages of the telephone book under "Jeweler's."



DESIGN YOUR OWN TO SUITE. RINGS DELIVERED TO YOUR DOORSTEP BY AIRMAIL. *TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MAR. 1961. 1-800-333-3333

REGISTERED

Keepsake®

DIAMOND RINGS

HOW TO BE SURE WHEN BUYING A DIAMOND RING

To help you get more value for your money please send *new* folder "Choosing Your Engagement and Wedding Rings" and *new* 30-page booklet "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding" both for only 35c.

Name

Address

City

State

ZIP

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, BOX 90, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13202

to take the Lambert Trophy, which goes to the best team in the East.

Boston College Coach Jim Miller, under fire all season, finally quieted his detractors, at least temporarily, when his Eagles beat Massachusetts 25-0, but BC still has to play Holy Cross, a surprising 3-0 loser to Connecticut. Rutgers, coasting along with a 24-0 lead over Colgate, suddenly found itself in big trouble as Colgate rallied to go ahead 28-24. But Quarterback Bruce Van Ness, who had already thrown two touchdown passes, tossed another one to Halfback Bryant Mitchell with 2:41 to go, and Rutgers won 31-28.

The big Ivy League game was an New Haven, where Yale, the champion, survived against Harvard 24-20 (page 32). Dartmouth salvaged some glory, beating Princeton 17-14 on Pete Donovan's 25-yard field goal with eight seconds to play, to take second place. Cornell battered Penn 33-14, and Brown, staring to life under new Coach Len Jardine, defeated Columbia 14-7.

THE SOUTH 1. TENNESSEE (8-1) 2. ALABAMA (7-4-1) 3. FLORIDA STATE (7-2-1)

When Big Thursday falls on Saturday and Tigers wear orange shoes South Carolina can be expected to win a coin toss—and lose a ball game. Carolina guessed the toss right for only the second time in Paul Dietzel's 20-game tenure, but that was its last good guess, as Clemson's new burnt-orange booties walked all over the Gamecocks 23-12. This has always been a strange game—SC played it at home on Thursday for 57 straight years, the entire Clemson ROTC once marched on the SC campus with fixed bayonets, 5,000 fans once bought counterfeit tickets for which there were no seats—yet there was nothing strange about the way Clemson won this one. Crunch, sweep and Gore (Halfback Buddy G., who gained 189 yards to break an ACC season record) set the pattern.

"Now I know how Custer felt," said Florida Assistant Gene Elerson, after a 21-16 attack by Florida State's Seminoles. "All those damn Indians!" Quarterback Ken Hammond led State to its victory before a record crowd of 62,944 by passing for two touchdowns and running for a third despite a neck injury.

Tennessee's strong Volunteers overcame surprisingly stern Kentucky resistance to win 17-7, and Georgia fumbled five times before beating Georgia Tech 21-14; but other bowl-bound Southerners rolled through laughers. LSU celebrated by downing Tulane 41-27, and Mississippi bombed Vanderbilt 28-7 as Tailback Steve Hindman outgained the whole Vandy offense.

VMI reversed last year's 79-12 humiliation by beating Virginia Tech 12-10—teams do remember such things. Memphis State

came from behind to upset North Texas State 29-20.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS AT EL PASO (6-2-1) 2. TEXAS A & M (6-4) 3. HOUSTON (7-3)

As Aggies leaned out of windows and hung from trees (in addition to filling Kyle Field), Ed Hargett faded back and unfurled a picture pass. Texas A&M Flanker Bob Long snaked down the sideline, cut sharp left, caught the ball on the Texas 36 and went all the way for the 80-yard touchdown that beat Texas 10-7. "Our defense was tremendous except for that one play, but that was the whole load of wintermelons," said Darrell Royal, who had earlier predicted, "Hargett can either burn it in there or Andy Gump it." Maybe he meant Alley Oop.

Texas Tech knocked Arkansas out of a bowl a second straight year by rushing into a 24-0 lead and then holding on until the final whistle. Quarterback Romy South rallied Arkansas for 27 points but, meanwhile, Tech Tackle Jimmy Moylan had turned a dumpy South pass into a touchdown and a 31-27 win. TCU defeated Rice 14-10, and SMU beat Baylor 16-10.

THE WEST 1. USC (9-1) 2. WASHINGTON (10-0) 3. OREGON STATE (7-2-1)

Syracuse had to travel 3,000 miles to strike a blow for eastern football. The Orange, coming at UCLA's ailing Gary Beban in waves, dumped him for big losses and eventually forced him out of the game to nurse his battered rib cage. All Beban had to show for his farewell was 17 yards passing and minus nine yards rushing. Worse yet for the Bruins, Syracuse's Rick Cassata performed as if he were the Heisman Trophy hopeful instead of Beban. Cassata passed for two touchdowns, ran for two, and the Orange upset UCLA 32-14. "Looks like we're No. 4 in the East and No. 3 in the nation," said Assistant Coach Chuck Fogarty.

It hardly took Texas at El Paso Quarterback Billy Stevens any time to get his name into the record books against Utah. He threw two touchdown passes in the first quarter, his 50th and 51st, to break Jerry Rhyme's major college mark, as the UTEPs beat the Utes 28-8. Air Force never had a chance against Colorado, losing 33-0.

Undeclared San Diego State (enrollment 18,000), the nation's No. 1 "small-college" team, got its comeuppance from Utah State (enrollment 8,976), a major college. The Aggies won 31-25 on Gerald Watson's one-yard run with 45 seconds to go, breaking the Aztecs' 25-game winning streak.

Washington's season ended the way it began, in defeat, as Washington State upset the Huskies 9-7, while BYU overwhelmed San Jose State 67-8.

END

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



Mix with BOISSIERE

(Say "Bee-See-Air")

LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle...extra dry...the connoisseur's vermouth. It does make a difference.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.
MASON & SHAW CO., NEW YORK

The cars lacked professional polish and so did a barefoot driver. But the SCCA championships at Daytona were a fine, all-round success

Big week for the beat-up best

I am as much for the rights of the individual as anyone," Colonel George Smith of the Sports Car Club of America observed gloomily last week. "Don't get me wrong. He is an intelligent young man and very well spoken, but he should have worn shoes to receive an award."

With all he had on his mind it was remarkable that the chairman of this year's American Road Race of Champions should have found time to address himself to the question of John Erskine's feet, but, given the complexity of the operation he was directing, it may have been a relief to the colonel just to fret about an SCCA member padding around preface ceremonies in hotels without his shoes.

Smith was presiding over one of the most complicated sports events of the

year, the SCCA-sanctioned championships, which at present constitute the major competitive encounter for sports cars in the U.S. A record 348 entries—some expenses paid by the sponsors—turned up in Daytona Beach, Fla. over Thanksgiving weekend to compete in 14 races for 22 separate class titles. The garages of the Daytona Speedway were crammed as never before with such exotica as Bobbys, Zinks, Hebbs, Quantums, Dolphins, Beaches and Merlyns, sitting fender to fender with Brabhams, Porsches, Lotuses, Mustangs and other well-known cars. The autos had been driven or hauled to Florida from some 35 different states, but if there were millions of dollars' worth of machinery in town, there was a distinct absence of millionaire drivers. Instead, there were

doctors, engineers and real-estate dealers, a funeral director and a demolition expert, a retired professor and a retired member of the Kingston Trio. And there was California's bearded and shoeless Erskine, who identified himself modestly and probably with accuracy as a "racing bum."

Sports car racing in this country has developed along interesting lines. It was obviously a wealthy man's hobby to begin with, and, while there is nothing remarkable about masses of people taking up such hobbies, it is curious to consider that sports car racing is now just about where stock car racing was in its early days. The good old boys used to tinker with and race whatever they could get their hands on—which is precisely what about 75% of the sports car buffs do now. The Porsches and Austin-Healeys the amateur enthusiasts drive are not often shiny new toys. They are the beat-up best that fans of moderate means can afford, and they run because their owners put in wearying hours working on them while, across the country, their wives sat alone in front of TV sets. For instance, Navy Lieut. Commander Rod Larson estimates that he spends 15 hours a week and \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year on his Spruce. Bill Rutan, who owns a welding shop, may put out less money for his Quantum because he built it and does all the work on it; but then his time is his money.

Either way, it is a bunch of time and money to spend to race in perhaps five events a year, which is all many of last week's contestants at Daytona ever manage. It does not amount to much competition, and SCCA races offer no winner's purse, so what is the motivation behind the amateurs' effort?

Northeast F Production Champion Bob Sharp, of Wilton, Conn., sounding more like a golfer than a race driver, says it is "the wonderful feeling of putting together the perfect lap." John Bentley said some years ago that it was simply the exhilaration of going fast: "When I get up over 100 mph I feel something like the rapture of the depths." [a provocative explanation, but not one that would make another driver long to be on the track with Mr. Bentley] More to the point, plenty of amateur drivers want simply to run other drivers into the ground, even if they do not care for winning so much that they would give up the real estate business and devote themselves to becoming A. J. Foyts.

continued



BOB SHARP, WHO WON IN A JAPANESE DATSUN, STANDS OUTSIDE TRANSPORT VAN



There are 8 other good reasons to choose a Sunbeam Shaver

(The built-in, barber-type trimmer is only number 1)

2. Only Sunbeam has six double-edged, self-sharpening blades. 3. Only Sunbeam shaves up and down, like a razor. 4. Only Sunbeam has individually self-adjusting spring action blades for a close, close shave. 5. Only Sunbeam has 1988 whisker "traps" to catch every one. 6. Only Sunbeam has a contoured, double-curved head that shaves



anywhere comfortably. 7. Only Sunbeam has six precision-honed blades, numbered for exact alignment. 8. Only Sunbeam gives you more than 16,000 up and down shaving strokes a minute. 9. Only Sunbeam gives you more active shaving area than the other two leading shavers combined. That's nine. Nine reasons why Sunbeam is the best shaver going. Especially for giving. Is Sunbeam the perfect shaver? Nothing comes closer.





Play it safe this Christmas.

It's on us. Millers Falls has this gift: making great tools. Here are the two newest Shock-Proof tools priced to keep safely absolutely free. No three-prong plug or grounding nuisance. Double-insulated to protect you against electric shock.

On the left, our new Orbital Sander—the smoothest, fastest, handiest you can give. And just \$22.88. On the right, our new Big/Sabre saw—fast cutting, husky enough to cut your own Christmas tree. Safer than ordinary saws. Only \$23.88.

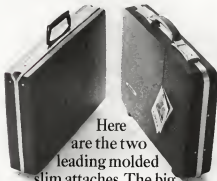
Now, put the name Millers Falls Shock-Proof on your list. Have a safe Christmas. It's on us. To make tools safe, you've got to make them better. We do, in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Millers Falls

The safest name in tools



What's the difference?



Here
are the two
leading molded
slim attaches. The big
difference is lightweight Starflite
costs 32% less—and is so much better.

Starflite, the handsome attaché on the right, inside and out, soft, neat and wear resistant. \$14.95. The other, \$26.95. The new Starflite. Is it attractive? Look for yourself! For more Slimline Attaché is Polyamide inside and out. That means it's lightweight, washable.

Starflite ★
MADE IN U.S.A.

Starflite Luggage Co., Dept. 31267, Sandoz, Mississippi 38666. MADE IN U.S.A. POLYAMIDE

MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

"The difference between the amateur and the pro driver," Pro Driver Peter Gregg has observed, "may be the proportion of ego satisfaction he gets out of driving."

A prowler through the pits and garages before last week's races turned up a majority of amateur drivers in Gregg's sense of the word. They may have been pretty hopped up at the prospect of driving in so important a meeting, but by and large they were clearly stockbrokers first and race drivers second. A 64-year-old, John Peach from Topeka, Kans., potted around his Cooper and said, "Mrs. Peach doesn't care too much for this—she's back at the motel knitting," and he had more to say about his grandchildren and his friend William Allen White from Emporia, Kans. than he did about the C Sedan class competition.

Erskine did discuss the race, primarily because he did not know at that point whether he was going to be in it or not. His elderly Austin-Healey was hung up in tech inspection. When asked if perhaps his unconventional appearance had invited discrimination, he said, no, that the car just looked pretty bad. "It's all right, really, but it does look ratfy."

The races, seven on Saturday and seven on Sunday, were to last 45 minutes each, with a 15-minute break between them, and despite the number of cars involved the schedule went perfectly. If there were no surprises among Saturday's winners (Sharp in his F Production Datsun was one of them), there were several on Sunday. Rutan won Class C on tires that had already run in 13 races. In the C Sports Racing class Jerry Hansen, who had raced over a speed trap at 194.80 mph during qualifying to set a new Speedway record for any car, wrestled the national class championship away from Ralph Salyer, who finished third. In C Production, Alan Johnson drove a beautiful race for a clean and unexpected win over Dave Jordan and in the E Sports Racing class Gregg, surprisingly, finished second to Bob Mitchell.

As for John Erskine in F Production, he dutifully put on his driving shoes to race ("What's more, he even put on his fireproof socks," a friend in the pits reported), and he nursed his old Austin-Healey around the track until, with a minute to go, the fuel line broke. He took the misfortune cheerfully and when last seen was headed, barefoot, back to California.

END

you'll only hear what you want to hear.



If you're fussy about the things you listen to; buy a Lear Jet stereo eight.

We invented it for people who like the fidelity and long-play idea of tape; but don't want to fiddle around with reels, threading, or rewinding.

We packed eight sound tracks on quarter-inch tape, put it all into a compact cartridge and designed it to play up to an hour and twenty minutes of uninterrupted music any-

where, anytime. It makes the phonograph record obsolete.

You have your choice of 10,000 selections on stereo eight cartridges from every major recording company.

You can play the same cartridge in any Lear Jet stereo eight unit. The new home stereo system shown here; our stereo portable; our tape deck that plugs into your home console, or one of the many stereo tape players

we invented for cars.

Lear Jet is the only automotive tape cartridge player with a fast forward selector; and an exclusive precision pitch control to let you find the tone you like best.

For true stereo, four 5-inch speakers that sing out loud and clear, or soft and clear, whichever you decide.

In fact, if you listen to us you'll have music wherever you go.

Lear Jet stereo eight



Too fast for the three fastest

A trio of records on land, sea and air failed to intimidate the speedy outboard racers on Lake Havasu

There was a time, in the not too distant past, when speedsters Craig Breedlove, Lee Taylor and Pete Knight led relatively docile lives. All Breedlove had done was work the world land-speed record up to 600.6 miles per hour in his *Spirit of America*. Taylor had gone just under half that in setting the water-speed mark this past June in his jet-powered *Husler*, and Knight, a major in the U.S. Air Force and a test pilot for the X-15 program, had sputtered along at just over 4,500 mph in the fastest flight ever made by a manned aircraft.

For all three of them, however, this blissful serenity came to an abrupt halt last week when they suddenly found themselves in Lake Havasu City, Ariz., taking part in an outboard motorboat marathon, which, since there are no other claimants and the purse is big (\$27,750), bills itself as the "world outboard championship."

The appearance of Breedlove, Taylor and Knight had been planned as one huge publicity stunt, of course, since their combined times in any racing outboard motorboat before last week would not have added up to the time it took to complete one lap of the four-mile, boomerang-shaped Lake Havasu course. The closest Breedlove had come to setting any record on water was in 1964 when he wound up in the middle of a canal at the end of a trial run at the Bonneville Salt Flats. Taylor had never driven a boat in a race, although he was once towed behind one at 92 mph on a pair of water skis. And Major

Knight? Well, he's currently stationed at Edwards Air Force Base in California, about three sand dunes away from the middle of the Mojave Desert, and, as he blandly put it, "I don't see water too much out there."

Publicity stunt or not, however, the men responsible for the Lake Havasu regatta—particularly Press Agent Larry Laurie—quickly discovered, to their dismay, that Breedlove, Taylor and Knight were very competitive characters—experience be damned. At the start of the regatta week everything had seemed simple to Laurie. Get the guys in town, have them sign a few autographs, pose for a few pictures and get them out. In between, maybe, they could put in a few laps in a little runabout, stay away from the real drivers and in general keep out of harm's way.

But Breedlove and Taylor arrived early, and after each had taken a few laps in the tired two-engine boat Laurie had picked out for them, they nicely, but firmly, threw a stink. The unwieldy boat, inappropriately numbered X-15, had two Chrysler 105s, but the hull was not designed to support more than one good-sized engine.

"This is like putting a blown Hemi on the end of a Go-Kart. Above 40 mph you can't control it," said Taylor.

"Gee," said Breedlove, "I understand it used to be somebody's fishing boat—and painted pink, for gosh sakes."

The third member of the team, Knight, did not arrive until Friday, the day before the first four hours of the marathon. He was spared the embarrassment of a ride in the X-15, but after a quick conversation with Breedlove and Taylor he quickly and utterly concurred.

"No sweat," said Laurie as the sweat poured from his brow, and after a frantic conversation with Jack Osley, a West Coast representative for Chrysler Marine, he came up with U-707, a catamaran racing hull with three Chrysler 105s on her stern. After another equally frantic conversation between Osley and the driver who was supposed to drive the 707, the team of Breedlove, Taylor and Knight was at last properly mounted, and everything looked great.

Except, of course, that Laurie's problems were now slightly compounded. All of a sudden he had the lives of three very famous people to worry about, since each, separately and alone, would be required to drive at high speed in a

very fast and very unfamiliar racing craft. "Can you handle it?" he persisted. "Is it gonna be all right?" Breedlove, Taylor and Knight just smiled. Once, with Knight on the course, Breedlove—who can be very puckish away from Bonneville—grinned at Taylor. "Let's go tell Larry that Pete flipped and we need another boat. It'll drive him up the wall."

No one, of course, gave the three any chance of winning the marathon. Tinker College of Anaheim, Calif., said, "The first time they carve a doughnut [spin out] in the race, look back and see five boats bearing down on them, they'll start to wonder what it is all about." And Dick Lucero, the assistant race director and an ex-driver, said, "It would be like putting me in a Formula Vee. No way."

Oblivious to this sort of conversation, the three spent their free moments talking about the many things they have in common. Breedlove is building a boat to go after Taylor's water-speed record and asked Taylor all sorts of questions. Taylor responded, "I know—I am convinced—I can go faster than a land-speed car in the *Husler*."

Breedlove and Taylor in turn asked Knight about his jet engines and heard some weird technical explanations.

The expectable ribbers who joshed the three were led by another racer whose presence might at first have seemed to be the result of further press-agency. He was Mike Reagan, the 22-year-old son of the governor of California. Saturday morning, just before the flare was shot to start the first half of the race, Mike walked by Breedlove's table and said, "Don't forget. Turn, baby, turn."

Roughly, marathon racing is to outboard motorboating what Le Mans is to auto racing—but oh what a difference in the racecourses. Lake Havasu, set in a valley between the Mojave and Chemehuevi mountains, is not really a lake but a dammed-up section of the Colorado River. Although the water is calm under normal conditions, there is always a 7-mph current. This is the first of the hazards faced by the drivers. The second is the boats themselves. Their overgrown power plants churn up white water and send wakes back and forth to batter each other like sniper bullets. The result is a fiendish chop with troughs that are sometimes

three feet deep. Even in a calm lake there is very little smooth water in the course of an afternoon's racing. As a consequence of the skittering and porpoising, four boats had sunk at the end of the first four hours, seven flipped, and more than 20 were beached, with good-size hunks out of their hulls. Of the 126 starters, only 73 were running at the end of the first day.

The Breedlove-Taylor-Knight boat was not among them. Taylor was chosen as starting driver, with unanimous instructions from the others to just "survive the first two hours and figure out what's happening." He obeyed halfway, surviving the first hour well, driving relatively slowly at first but keeping clear of the vast hordes that often bunched around the four-mile course. Slowly he picked up his speed and twice on relatively smooth straights managed to match speeds with the leader boats.

Then, shortly after the one-hour mark, while rounding a series of three turn buoys, a little single-engine runabout

spun to the front and to the left of 707, kicking up a huge spray and soaking Taylor's engines with water. All three died, and 707 was towed in. The 12 laps Taylor had completed put him ahead of 29 boats overall. "The boat was flooding," said Taylor to Breedlove and Knight, "but I wanted to make sure you guys got a chance in it tomorrow."

Well, Breedlove got his chance but, thanks to a 22-knot wind that added just one more squirrely element to the already dangerous conditions, Knight never did get into the boat. About 90 minutes into the second four hours and just beyond the turn where Taylor had had his mishaps a day earlier, Breedlove slapped a wave which lifted the front end of his boat high into the air. Then the wind got under it, raised its bow even higher and suddenly the world land-speed record holder found himself in the cold waters of the lake.

Fortunately, the boat did not land on its back but did a flip in midair, slammed back down right side up and growled

angrily in circles around Breedlove. He managed to get back into the boat, found the two outside engines still running and refused to accept the offer of a tow, which would have disqualified him. As he attempted to start off again, he learned he had no control. The steering was jammed, and that was it. He rode 707 in behind the towboat, teeth chattering and sporting a good-size bruise on his right arm. But he was still smiling. "These people are crazy," he said.

That brought the crowd's interest back to the professional drivers, and when the signal flares ending the race went up at 3 p.m., the winner was a boat owned jointly by young Reagan and Rudy Ramos. Ramos and Bill Cooper did most of the driving, but it was Reagan, in his first outboard competition (he drives about 10 inboard races a year), who was in the boat when it received the checkered flag. By that time Breedlove, Taylor and Knight were headed back to California to resume their more humdrum careers. **END**

New England Life

... a new signature for the oldest mutual life insurance company in America signals some new things in this old business. A New England Life man will be delighted to tell you how they may work for you.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HOME OFFICE: 501 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02117
Offices throughout the Country serving a distinguished clientele of responsible men and women.

CUTTY SARK

America's most gifted Scotch



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Detectives give a hand in a chase

With some help from private eyes,
Barry Crane closes in on a title

A successful bridge player has much in common with a good detective, and this is the year when an interest in detective work is helping win the McKenney Trophy for Barry Crane of Hollywood. The McKenney is annually awarded to the player who wins the greatest number of master points over a 12-month period ending with the Fall Nationals. Crane won it in 1952, and in five of the last six years he led the trophy race most of the way, only to be beaten in the final weeks. Twice he was defeated by players who scored the majority of their points while playing as his partner—Hermine Baron in 1964 and Peter Rank in 1965.

This year, however, he went into the last days of the race with a long lead and a determination that nobody would catch him.

An ability to sleep on planes is one of the key factors in Crane's success. His career as a television producer keeps him busy weekdays, so his master-point hunting is confined to weekends, when he may travel as much as 5,000 miles to play in a single event in a regional championship. Currently he is associate producer of the CBS-Paramount TV series, *Mannix*, about a private eye. Seeking background material, Crane has frequently played with Gunther Polak and Lou Gurvich, private investigators in Chicago and in New Orleans, respectively, who are top-rank bridge players. Crane has profited by getting a lot of tips on the private-eye business and a lot of points playing with them. But his favorite partner is still Peter Rank, a deputy district attorney of Contra Costa County, Calif. Crane was playing with Rank when the following hand gave the pair a top score after Crane capitalized

continued



Is there any excitement left to
give a man who "finishes" his opponent
in 7 seconds?

Does he own a Hamilton?

There is silence as he moves into position. Parry. Thrust. Counter thrust. Then touche. The bout is done. And he is still the uncontested winner. For this man there is only one watch that embodies the elements he expects and respects.

The Hamilton Thin-O-Matic.

Pure time expressed in the svelte-thin case of brush finish stainless steel. This is simplicity in design. Extremely thin, handsome and precise. Shock-resistant, waterproof* and self winding, of course.

This man lives with excitement. He senses it each time he faces his opponent. Each time he lunges for the final assault. For him, the gift of a Hamilton Thin-O-Matic is a complement to his way of life.

If you want to give more than time, give

HAMILTON

Hamilton Thin-O-Matic watches. TM 2800, \$89.50
Others: L to R: TM 2601, 14K Gold, \$175
TM 8000 Calendar, \$29.50
TM 2805, 14K Gold, \$179

Hamilton Watches are available in Canada
and more than 40 other countries.
Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa. 17604 U.S.A.



*Waterproof designed with 50 ft. water



Can you spot the Volkswagen?

Last among five of the world's great sports cars is one of the world's great Volkswagens.

The VW Karmann Ghia.

If you confuse it with a 170 mph sports machine, we wouldn't be surprised.

The racy lines are the work of a famous sports car designer, the Ghia studios of Turin, Italy.

And the bodywork is the handwork of one of Europe's oldest custom coachmakers, Karmann of Osnabrück.

What makes the Karmann Ghia a Volkswagen is everything that makes it go. Independent 4-wheel suspension that takes curves like a racer. Surprisingly smooth 4-speed gear box. And an air-cooled engine that averages up to 28 mpg.

Of course, you can't reach the speed of a \$15,000 Ferrari (top left), a \$16,000 Lamborghini (top center), a \$9,000 Mercedes Benz (top right), a \$15,000 Maserati (bottom center), or a \$14,000 Aston Martin (bottom right) is a Karmann Ghia (bottom left).

But it costs only \$2,250* to give the impression that you can.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

on a bad break that menaced the contract.

Crane's two-no-trump bid with the South hand is a trifle unorthodox. He lacked a sure stopper in spades and he held only 20 points in high cards, but the later defect was made up by his holding a five-card diamond suit, and the luck of a seemingly necessary spade stopper was overcome by Crane's skillful use of the unfortunate distribution that he encountered in diamonds.

Neither side
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

▲ A 9 7 6
♥ Q J 4
♦ Q 3 2
♣ A 8 5

WEST

♦ J 8 2
♥ 10 9 8 7
♦ 10
♣ 10 9 7 3 2

EAST

♦ K 10 5 4
♥ 6 5 3
♦ J 9 8 6
♣ Q 4

SOUTH

♦ Q 3
♥ A K 2
♦ A K 7 5 4
♣ A 2 6

SOUTH

2 N.T.
PASS

WEST

PASS
PASS

NORTH

6 N.T.
PASS

EAST

PASS

Opening lead: 10 of hearts

After the opening lead, South could count 11 tricks if the diamonds broke. Winning a 12th trick depended on picking up the queen of clubs or being able to take two tricks in the spade suit. But when Crane won the first heart in his hand and cashed the ace and queen of diamonds he learned that he would have to lose a diamond trick and would therefore need both the third trick in clubs and the second trick in spades.

The extra trick in clubs materialized with no problem. When the ace of clubs was cashed and a second club led, East obligingly produced the queen. Crane's next task was to make the diamond break work to his advantage. He cashed the third club and both his remaining good hearts, stripping East of all his cards in these suits. Now East was in the trap. Crane cashed the king of diamonds and threw East in with his diamond trick.

East had to lead a spade. Crane put up his queen to win the trick, cashed his fifth diamond and made the 12th trick and his slam with dummy's ace of spades. "Routine detective work," observed Crane. "Seal up all the escape avenues but one and wait there to grab your prize."

END

These radios speak fluent German, Spanish, French, English and Italian...



they also talk the language of sailors, police, fireman and "hams." Arvin's deluxe 4-band 15-transistor Solid State portable radio (right) brings you static-free FM, crystal clear AM... plus ships at sea on the Marine Band, and the corners of the world on International Shortwave. It has switchable AFC for drift-free FM, lighted dial, dual antennas, tone control, earphone, and AC power adapter (ack styled in Black Top-Grain Cowhide). It's Arvin Model 87R79. Sugg. retail \$56.95. The Arvin 12-transistor 3-band portable (left) receives AM, FM, and Marine Band. Black leather-grained vinyl. Arvin Model 87R59. Sugg. retail \$38.95.

Arvin

ARVIN INDUSTRIES, INC.
Columbus, Indiana

Value begins with Quality in Home Entertainment Products

CROSS
SINCE 1946
Desk
Sets

From Twenty-Two Fifty
to Seventy-Five Dollars
At Better Stores
-Everywhere-

ARTIFICIAL FLORAL AND ARTIFICIAL FRAGRANCE
A. V. CROSS
SINCE 1946
CROSS DESK SETS WITH



BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

Riding night and day at small tracks in Maryland and West Virginia (left and below), Jesse Davidson became the national champion, but he still dreams of the time when he will really

GO TO THE RACES



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEIGART

In the Cadillac Jesse Davidson's pale face was indistinct, blurred by shadows from the late September dusk in West Virginia. His voice was animated, even exultant, as if he were revealing for the first time an ultimate truth of life. "In 40 mile of here, there ain't a place don't know me by my face," he said. "If I left my wallet home and didn't have a nickel in my pocket there ain't a place inside 40 mile that they wouldn't give me credit and trust me for it. I'm known. It's what I got here that I don't have anywhere else."

The Cadillac rolled along a twisting two-lane highway. Far off, the humped Blue Ridge Mountains turned black as the sun dropped behind them, and on nearby rolling

pastures, cows grazed in the gloom. Woods and bushes growing close along the roadside made a dark corridor for the Cadillac; the bushes shook violently in the windy wake of the car.

Jesse Davidson is a jockey, a good one, and he was going to the Charles Town races to ride six horses; he had already ridden three that afternoon at the Hagerstown (Md.) racetrack. At the wheel of the Cadillac, which belongs to Jesse Davidson, was a plump and jolly little man named Charley Baker, he used to be a jockey, too, but he had such trouble keeping his weight down that he became an agent. He now makes his living getting horses for Jesse Davidson to ride—"the greatest" horses for the *continued*

greatest jockey, by God," Charley Baker likes to say.

The Cadillac dropped into a sharp dip in the road, then fled around a curve. Charley Baker suddenly leaned forward, peering out the windshield, and said, "Hey, Jess, what that man sittin' there for?" The car approached a railroad crossing and, in the twilight, a figure could be seen slumped atop a fence at the edge of the tracks. A man, wearing overalls and very much at ease, was perched there—probably to gaze lazily at whatever cars came past that evening, or perhaps even to watch a train go by in the dark. Jesse Davidson said, "I dunno why he's settin' there, but someone always sets up there. They say if you ride by here and a colored boy raises his hand at you, then you win five races." Baker said, "He didn't raise no hand at you, Jess." Davidson replied, "It don't matter. He's a white boy."

As the headlights flashed across the man on the fence, Jesse Davidson looked closely at him; he was unshaven and his overalls were torn at one knee. The Cadillac bumped across the tracks and Davidson said, "People around here ain't got much for bettin'. Or for anything else either. It gets to be real thin pickin'. I ain't complain' cuz it's been good to me. But it ain't for a lot of 'em." Charley Baker looked across the darkened front seat and shouted, "Hey, you ol' sonabitch, Jess! You know, your on'y trouble is you can't ride. You jest can't ride, boy." They chuckled and Baker whooped, "Man, you did good this afternoon, huh, Jess? Huh? You ride three and you win three. Hey, Jess, you can't do no better'n that, huh, Jess?" Davidson said, "Yeah, I did good. Think I'll go six for six tonight?"

Jesse Davidson, 27, is a hard-scrabble rider with near-demonic dedication to working his trade. His face is wan and gaunt, although the features are clean and almost boyish; there are always purplish smudges beneath his eyes, and at times his eyes burn in a gaze that seems haunted by private horrors, although it is only fatigue. He puts himself through a wracking daily routine in which he rides all the mounts he can get at two tracks—Maryland in afternoons, the Charles Town Race Course or Sherandoosh Downs (both in Charles Town, W. Va.) nights under the floodlights. In 1965 that combination of sunshine-moonlight riding made him the winningest jockey in America. Though his name did not become a byword along Broad-

way, he is somewhat celebrated in his home territory. Indeed, he carries a loaded .38 pistol in his glove compartment because juiced-up hillbilly hoodlums have been known to recognize him driving late at night and try to run his car off the road and rob him. As he said, "They all know me by my face."

Davidson rides a circuit in the dim nether leagues of horse racing—in a section of the U.S. rich in history but rather poor in productive prosperity. Not far from Davidson's home in Hagerstown lies the Antietam Battlefield where Union troops repelled Lee's first thrust into the North. And over South Mountain is Frederick, Md. where 90-year-old Barbara Fritchie poked an old gray head out

an attic window and into Civil War legend.

But the stoop-shouldered look of the mountains in these parts is symbolic of the weary laboring life of many people who live there. This is that section of the middle-eastern U.S. where the Blue Ridge and Appalachian ranges intercept, where the points and corners of West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania jigsaw together. It is on the lip of Appalachia, the bleak region that has come to be a synonym for outland American poverty. And at the tracks Jesse Davidson rides—Hagerstown, Trumansburg, Marlboro in Maryland; Charles Town and Sherandoosh Downs in West Virginia—it is not hard to see the marks of Appalachia on the crowds.

There seem to be more bib overalls and tattered sweaters than crackjack plant sportcoats lined up at the pari-mutuel windows. Li'l Abner grammar is rampant ("That hoss, he win wif his nose, wuf his nose just he win!"). Again

and again there is that rude surprise so common in deprived regions when a reasonably handsome woman suddenly smiles and displays an awful gap of black in her front teeth. There is an obvious irony, too, in the traditional regal trappings of racing set against such a background. It is all there, of course, the majestic stuff preferred by dukes and earls: brilliant jockey silks, trumpet call to the post, dignified paddock-to-track parade behind a scarlet-coated rider. But you watch it from beneath a grandstand roof that has the look of tin and you sit on a wooden folding chair stamped with something like "Property of the Hagerstown Fair Association," with a view of a smokestack just beyond the track billowing some kind of murky



The daily vacation starts with the first set of silks.

End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® Coating on the Krona edge.



Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure you consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends—the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

Put your reliance on famous Schick Science.

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of EVERSHARP, Inc. ©

Hilton à-yum-yum.



1. Trader Vic's 2. Haymarket 3. Bull and Bear 4. Escalier 5. Place Laurent 6. Boulevard Room 7. Stater Steak House 8. Don the Beachcomber
9. Empire Room 10. Rafe and Flew 11. Hungry Piggon 12. Four Oaks 13. Top of the Hilton 14. Chef's Table 15. Star on the Roof 16. At all Hiltons of course

The way they're flocking to Hilton specialty restaurants, you'd think we invented the latest rage. The truth is, we're just catering to people who crave incomparable

cuisine; are starved for splendid service; and eat up exciting atmosphere. If you're hungry for all these things, it's easy to find them. Just remember the magic word: Hilton.

There's something new at every

Hilton

For reservations at all Hilton, Statler Hilton and other leading hotels, phone Hilton Reservation Service 

waste into the sky. And next to you, perhaps, is a whiskey mountain man who says that he will bet on a horse called *Bus Driver* because driving a bus is the job he'd want if he wanted a job.

Some of Jesse Davidson's tracks—Hagerstown and Marlboro, for example—are relatively seedy, with yawning grandstands built of bare girders, cement blocks and corrugated iron. In the infield there are neither great beds of flowers nor flocks of flamingos; only a scrawly carpet of weeds. And the buildings along the way from the parking lot bear dim and weathered signs saying *racetrack* or *live-stock*, a mark of the days when a champion rutabaga or a blue-ribbon rooster was almost as big a draw as the freak show on a county fair midway. Some of the tracks in Davidson's world—Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs—are a bit glossier, with glossed-in stands and fresh paint on the walls.

All of the tracks on Jesse Davidson's circuit are "half-milers" (actually they range from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile around). Naturally, the turns are sharper and the stretches shorter, and they are generally narrower than the mile ovals that grace the classier layouts in the region—Laurel or Pimlico near Baltimore and Delaware Park in Wilmington. But the really significant difference between the half-milers and the milers is neither the length of the track nor the naive tackiness of the environment.

It is the money. For the purses waiting at the end of Davidson's races are exceedingly puny, often no more than \$1,000 (the average purse at Aqueduct is more than \$7,000, at Laurel more than \$5,000). The betting handle for a whole nine-race program at Hagerstown or Marlboro seldom totals as much as the big-league bettors put on a single race at Hialeah. When Davidson won the 1965 national title for winners (319), his purses totaled \$465,959. Braulio Baeza, racing's No. 1 money winner (and Buckpasser's jockey) that year, earned more than \$2,900,000 in purses, while riding 49 fewer winners.

Jesse Davidson's scene is bush, all right. People say that maybe one-third of the owners who enter mounts on the half-milers have a stable of one horse—no more. They say that a sizable percentage of the jockeys' agents consists of renegade bartenders, gas station attendants and truck drivers who get their agent's license largely because it guarantees a free pass to the track. And at least half of the jockeys are angry, hungry little men who barely manage to subsist by betting (or peddling) tips or by taking menial part-time work. People around the half-milers love to tell about two women who took a cab to one track, got a hot tip from their caddy and bet it in the second race. They watched gleefully as the horse won, then one turned, flabbergasted, to the other and said, "My God, Florence, our taxi driver just rode our winner!"

There is a lot of racing like that around the country—at

places like Park Jefferson in South Dakota, Pikes Peak Meadows in Colorado, Yakima Meadows in Washington. Not all of these tracks have Appalachia over the hill beyond the parking lot, but generally they do feature poverty's purses, bargain horses and a whole tattered cavalry of jockeys who are odds-on to climb aboard a farm tractor or a forklift track before they ever mount an entry in a classic race. For most riders these small-time circuits offer no more than a bitter hint of the "real" world of horse racing, where, at least, the silks are neither faded nor frayed, and where there is always hot water in the jockeys' room showers. The jet-set scene of the millionaires—Shoemaker, Baeza, Hartack—is the other side of the moon.

All riders in the bushes—even the thumbful of them who have done well enough to afford a Cadillac like Jesse Davidson's—spend endless hours away from the track talking wistfully, almost painfully, about the day when they will "go to The Races." You hear them talk about The Races over a vodka and Coke in the morning at a sour-smelling bar near the track. Or while eating a soggy club sandwich next to the inevitable catsup-bottle-and-napkin-holder table decor of a roadside greasy spoon. Or sipping Scotch from a water tumbler at 1 a.m. in a night-club built of concrete blocks. Always it is The Races. Always the words somehow come out capitalized; they have a hallowed sound. The Races doesn't necessarily mean the Kentucky Derby; any track that's better than the one a jockey's on means The Races.

In Jesse Davidson's Cadillac that night in September, Charley Baker suddenly said, "Hey, Jesse's goin' to The Races, an'tchu Jess? You goin' up pretty soon now, huh, Jess?" Davidson sank into the black leather upholstery and said, "Nothin' I'd love better, if I was sure I could make it there. But I ain't goin' up unless I get a solid deal. Nothin' risky."

Around Davidson's circuit, people easily remember the jockeys who have gone to—and made it—at The Races. "They was two in the last 10, 15 years," said Charley Baker. "Last one was Howard Grant and before that Hartack in '56 or so. It don't happen often. This ain't like the baseball minor leagues where the boys git ready for the big time. Some big outfits might send their apprentice boys to the half-milers, but it ain't common for old riders like Jess to be brought out. It ain't easy. Me and Jess gonna do it though, ain't we, Jess?"

Davidson said, "I guess I'm gonna try it when Laurel opens end of October. If I git good mounts. On'y if I git good mounts." And Charley Baker said, "Don't you worry none, boy. That's my job. I git you the mounts, Jess." They stopped at a tiny gas station where a few men were spending the evening in social convention around a soft-drink machine; they all greeted Davidson as he went into the station. An attendant filled the Cadillac's tank, then refused Jesse Davidson's offer to pay. "Goddamn," said Davidson, "they do that ever' time I stop. I didn't

continued

If the Irish had invented skiing, what would they have invented to drink afterward?

Irish Mist Coffee. Made with Irish Mist Liqueur®. Add a jigger to black coffee. Top with whipped cream, and sip slowly through the cream. It's as different from regular Irish Coffee as flavor is from fire. When you come in from the cold, have an Irish Mist Coffee. And be happy the Irish have a taste for indoor sports.



80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC.
HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

need no gas." A few miles down the road Charley Baker swung the car up a curving driveway and parked outside a place called the Ferry Hill Inn; it was on a small knob of a hill with a view of the mountains and nearby Shepherdstown. The bartender, a middle-aged woman, said, "What do ya like, Jess?" He liked a screwdriver. Soon several people sidled over from tables about the room to say hello to Jesse Davidson at the bar. Someone started kidding about the young ladies from nearby Shepherd College, which is included in the view from Ferry Hill. "Hey, I see that one in the white sweater again and—hooscees! Hooscees!" Davidson grinned and said, "Hey, I been meannin' to ask—how's your wife?" They guffawed; Davidson had another screwdriver, and then he walked back to his Cadillac.

A few minutes later, as the car rolled into Charles Town, a sedate and snug-looking hamlet of 3,329 people, Davidson said, "You know, if I wasn't a jock, you know what I'd be doin'? Drivin' a truck. An' look at the way it is now. I ride a little in the afternoon, then we have some drinks and talk to people. They know me and I know them. Then maybe a couple more drinks and I drive a little and ride some more races. Then I stop off somewhere afterward and we talk some more, have a bite to eat and some more drinks. Man, where is it better'n that? It's like a party all the time. You gotta have a lot goin' for ya before you leave all that—even to go to The Races."

At the Charles Town Race Course that night Davidson rode two winners out of his six mounts, making a total of five for the day. As usual, the crowd bet him heavily on everything; when Davidson is on a mount that might go off at 20 to 1 with another jockey, the odds usually drop to maybe 8 to 1, and then, during the race, all along the rail, they stand and yell, "Hol' wif 'im, Jess! Hol' wif 'im, Jess!" It is like that all around the circus—everywhere on the half-milers the cry is "Hol' wif 'im, Jess!"

It is a tin-plated, parochial fame, to

be sure, but it was devilishly hard-earned nevertheless. Since 1957 Davidson has raced more than 9,000 times—in Ohio, and Canada, and New England, and a couple in Mexico and even two at Saratoga, besides the thousands of trips around the weedy infields in West Virginia and Maryland. He was a 16-year-old dropout in Manchester, Ky., when he answered a want ad for a stable cleaner in Mechanicsburg, Ohio and went to work for room, board, "two bottles of sody pop and a pack of cigarettes ever" day. The man he worked for made him an apprentice, and after riding only half a dozen of his 9,000-plus, Davidson got his first win on September 18, 1957 on a horse called Smoke Talk at a place called Cranwood in Ohio. He was off—but not to The Races.

One night in November 1958, when he had close to 100 wins and he thought the man was about to bring him out for some "real ridin'," Davidson's mount panicked in the gate, reared and flipped over backward. Davidson's leg was caught between the horse and the steel stall; the bone snapped. The next April he had just been riding again for a week when another horse, in Wheeling, W. Va., bucked him off at the start; the freshly mended bone broke again in the same place. And the man who had Davidson's apprentice-rider contract let him go.

In the winter of 1960 Davidson and his brother Sam, now 31, drifted to Charles Town to try and scrounge some mounts. "I didn't know nobody there. I didn't do no good," said Davidson. He lived in a tiny house trailer behind a gas station; he galloped horses in the frozen raw mornings, and he practically begged for someone to give him something to ride. "No, I didn't do no good at all; I wasn't gettin' 10 mounts a week. The ones I got was bad ones, too." The broken leg still pained him in the cold, the money he had saved from his promising apprenticeship had dwindled to \$500—so Jesse Davidson got married. "In a way, that an' breakin' my leg was the two best things that happened to me," he said. "By God, I learned that no matter how much money I make I might

Charles Town

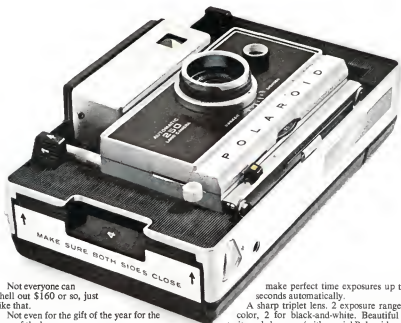
THE ELECTRIC TIMEX. YOU DON'T WIND IT UP. YOU TURN IT ON.

From now on, you will never have to wind your watch again—if your watch is an Electric Timex. A tiny, replaceable energy cell does all the work, providing steady electric accuracy week after week, month after month, for more than a year of carefree time. The man's Electric is waterproof*, dustproof*, and shock-resistant. From \$39.95. The lady's Electric—the first of its kind in the whole world—is convenient, uncomplicated, and simply beautiful. From \$50. Isn't it time you wore one?

*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.



If you can afford it, give it.



Not everyone can shell out \$160 or so, just like that.

Not even for the gift of the year for the man of the house.

That's why Polaroid Color Pack Cameras start at under \$50.

But if you can put your hands on that kind of money, here's what you'll be giving:

A superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size.

A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even

make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically.

A sharp triplet lens. 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black-and-white. Beautiful portraits and close-ups (with special Polaroid camera accessories).

An all-metal body with brushed chrome finish.

A flashgun.

And the kick—not quite like anything else—of making big, beautiful color prints in a minute, black-and-white prints in seconds.

It's the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced.

The kind of gift that makes everybody look good.



Splurge.

Go ahead. Spend a little more than you planned. Give Old Grand-Dad, the one classic American whiskey. For the holidays, Grand-Dad has surrounded himself with elegance. Fluted crystal decanter and regular bottles in burnished velvet wrappings. Grand-Dad costs more to give. But it gives so much more in return.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Louisville & Frankfort, Ky.

richest race Davidson has ever ridden in). Then in September he tumbled into a lethal windmill of horses' hooves during a start in Canada, cut his face so badly that he was out for the rest of the year and went home to Hagerstown. "I never even called 'em in Canada th' next year," he says. "We was makin' more money there, but we spent so much livin' that it wasn't worth it."

In 1965 Davidson did not try to make it at major U.S. tracks. "I just decided to stay home and do my best," he said. Again he had some tough luck. In September he fell during a start at Charles Town and wound up with two black eyes, cuts all over his forehead and a bruised neck that pained him so much that, even after a two-week layoff, his valet had to lift him into the saddle before each race. Yet that's when he won the national championship.

No one from Aqueduct to Yakima Meadows had more winners than the 319 he rode. And no one had more mounts—1,582. To do it, Davidson undertook a commitment of almost round-the-clock toil. The Charles Town tracks operated 235 programs that year: Timonium, Hagerstown, Marlboro ran for seven weeks all together. Davidson picked up a few more mounts at Bowie, Laurel and Pimlico, but of his winners no more than a dozen came from the bigger tracks. Davidson's owners on the half-milers didn't insist that he work horses in the mornings, and that helped ease some of the strain. He had already done well enough to afford a Cadillac for his commuting, and his brother Sam, who was then working as his agent, helped Jesse with the driving. There was enough for two. During the meeting under the tin roof at Marlboro that year the Davidson Cadillac racked up more than 200 miles every day—95 miles from his home to Marlboro, 75 miles back to Charles Town, 35 miles home to Hagerstown. (For Timonium, the round trip was 190 miles, for Hagerstown, 75.) The days seldom ended until well after midnight, and there were times when Davidson rode nine races in the afternoon, then eight more at night. "Jesus,

you can't believe the tension I had," he said. "It all but eats you up, knots up your stomach and you can't shut your eyes when you get to bed. I'd be ridin' horses all night, hearin' jocks yellin', whappin' mounts, feelin' the reins cut my hand. I didn't drink nothin' 'til about that time; I just didn't care about booze. But if I didn't have a shot or two I couldn't ever shut my eyes. I don't drink all that much, but it relaxes me and I still got tension cuz I'm ridin' day and night most all the time still."

In his own day-night hawlicock, no one makes more money than Jesse Davidson. He grosses around \$50,000 a year, and, after giving the usual 10% cut to his valet and 20% to his agent, he winds up with something over \$30,000 before taxes. It's a long way from poverty, to be sure, but it's a far, far longer way from the affluence of Shoemakers and Baczus.

"Hell, I ain't all that fascinated with gettin' rich," said Davidson. "But it I was don't good at The Races I know I'd make three times as much as I am here—without ridin' two tracks a day neither." Jockeys get from \$17 to \$25 for starting a race, from \$37.50 to \$50 for a winner. But the customary jockey's stake—10% of the purse from the owner, which is tantamount to unwritten law at the major tracks—is by no means a certainty on the half-milers. "A lot of owners just ain't got it to give," said Davidson.

There are 120 jockeys, more or less, riding on Davidson's circuit: they come from the hills of West Virginia, from cities like Baltimore and Washington, from farms in Kentucky or Ohio. Any dream of glamour or opulence they have concocted is soon erased by reality. "Hell, if a jock don't do good he don't make as much as a guy paintin' or diggin' a ditch," said Davidson. "Maybe they make two, three thousand a year. Half the guys tryin' to ride don't get but 50 horses a year to ride, but they hang around cuz they're too proud to go home. They're ashamed to go back broke." To be a jockey, a man pays a \$5 fee in Maryland (\$10 in West Vir-

continued

secret of success in drinksmanship



Osterizer[®] LIQUEFIER- BLENDER

TEN PUSHBUTTON SPEEDS make you an "automated wonder" at the bar or in the kitchen—blending, stirring, mixing, grinding, whipping, frappe-ing—adroit master of the unusual in Drinksmanship. It's so easy to be a savant who pours the surprises. So why stay hung up "on the rocks?" Remember, Osterizer is also the key to the world of Spin Cookery. Give it a whirl!

Oster ©1987 John Oster Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 507 32,505 N. Lytle Ave. Milwaukee WI 53217



A little tart...but all heart!

THE MINI-SQUIRT



Season's greeter! A jigger of gin over ice and topped with the sweet-tart taste of Squirt (a real sweet-tart of a mixer!) And a squeeze of lime, maybe. Wassail! And wait'll you dig vodka poured into a Mini-Squirt. Or whiskey Oh, what fun it is to...

ginia), rides a few races and gets track stewards' approval of his license.

Many would-be riders pick up a few dollars mornings working horses. Ironically, a full-time exercise boy gets \$2 a mount, but a jockey gets nothing for the workout if he is scheduled to ride the horse in a race that day. "Some owners'll get some second-rate jockey who's willin' to ride mornings to save the two dollars," said Davidson, "then the boy'll lose a close race and the owner drops a \$1,000 purse to save two bucks." Worse, some owners will get a mediocre rider for a morning workout by promising him the race that day, then secretly name a better rider for the race—leaving the workout jockey with nothing but a fine sunrise for his labors.

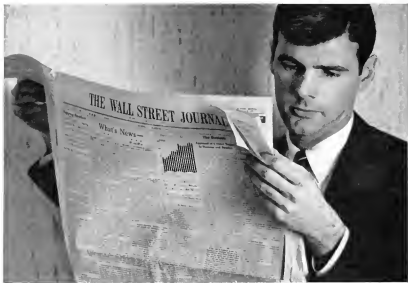
Obviously, given the caliber of some jockeys on the half-enters, some rides have a certain drunk-cowboy quality to them. But, generally, the riders are competent, if not particularly brilliant, to watch—like Jesse Davidson. He has the reflexes (and obviously the experience) to get out of the gate quickly, and he has a reasonably good sense of pace. His reputation among experts is as a sound, no-nonsense rider who gets a bit more out of a horse than other jockeys might.

Davidson stands 5 feet 4 inches—he is considered a "tall boy"—weighs 114 pounds and has one black hell of a time keeping himself light enough to ride. "I got to flip ever' thing I eat when I'm workin'," he said. "I got so I can do it jest with my stomach muscles now, and it's natural as breathin'." When I go off after the season I git up to 135 pounds and I got to start reducin' six weeks before my meets start. I use Spansules [capsules that depress the appetite] and, man, they make me real mean. I can be home, just watchin' television, and I'll jest feel like jumpin' up and whippin' the kids for nothin'. I git real weak, too, and sometimes I see flashes and stars. It's like dyin' and knowin' it."

Davidson is not, as Charley Baker shouts joyously after every win, "The Greatest," positively "The Greatest." But he is as good as many riders now com-

continued

For the young man
who wants a \$100,000
estate, but can
only afford \$35⁵⁸
per month now.



It's our Young Executive plan. To insure your greatest asset— you—for \$100,000 right now (with cash values that build up after the first year). At \$35.58 per month if you're 25. The plan starts you with massive protection plus savings, and gives you a real chance to increase net worth as you grow. If you're ready to make \$100,000 decisions today, write us.

The Midland Mutual Life Insurance Company
250 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio 43260

Tell me how I can start building my net worth and have an insurance estate worth \$100,000 right now.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE AGE



Midland Mutual Life

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

... the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION,
packaged in redwood \$2.00, \$3.50,
\$6.50, \$10.00

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe"
includes ENGLISH LEATHER. It's the
one you'll reach for again and again.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...
... the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00
... the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 & \$2.50
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, \$3.00 to \$10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTNVILLE, N.J.



STRENGTH IN 77 SECONDS

*That's all it takes to help build
powerful muscles, trim body*

No strenuous exercises... no elaborate gym equipment... no lengthy, tedious work-outs. You don't need time, space, or energy to multiply your strength... to broaden your shoulders... to increase your lung capacity... to trim your waistline... to develop vigor. Now the same method of Isometric Construction that trained the German Olympic Team and other world-famous athletes can help YOU build a powerful physique. Yes, even if you are 30, 50 years old or more. Unlike ordinary isometric construction devices, the TENSOLATOR combines both Isometric and Isotonic benefits in a series of quick 77-second exercises that you do once a day in your own room—less than 2 minutes in all! Muscles grow stronger, shoulders broaden, chest expands, waist tapers down—and you feel like a new man. Fast! We guarantee impressive results in 10 days or your money back without question. Send for the big brochure that shows step-by-step illustrations of the Tensolator Method. Enclose this ad with your name, address, zip code (required for mailing) and 35¢ to cover postage and handling to: THOMAS CORPORATION, Dept. NO-18, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL TELEVISION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

Learn by doing Two Year Work-Study Programs include announcing, scriptwriting, producing, programing, news-gathering, sales, news, sports, Liberal Arts. Professional faculty, studios and equipment. Earn on school stations WCVB and WCVB-TV. Student union town. Placements: Government, Local, Cable, Wire Mr. Wood, Cambridge School, 432 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115.

Anatomy of a sweet pipeful

Falcon's bowl is bottomless so tars cannot collect.
(With ordinary pipes tars condense in bottom of bowl and then up stem.)

Tars condensed and trapped here. Easily wiped dry. You never need a pipe cleaner.

Heat escapes here. Spiral aluminum stem further cools smoke.

Imported interchangeable brass bowls are available in all popular shapes and sizes. At your smoking counter. Enjoy a pipeful!

Falcon
Cooler, Drier, Lighter Smoking
\$3.95 to \$5.95

Send for FREE Pipe Smokers Handbook
Falcon International, Inc., Chicago 60641

GO TO THE RACES *continued*

ing it daily at The Races. Yet even in 1966, after his riding title, Davidson didn't attract enough top mounts to make it at Laurel or Bowie. "It's luck," he said. "You got to do it in the first three, four days or you might's well pack up your tack and go home."

This year jolly Charley Baker has added himself to whatever lucky charms Davidson may need. Until late this summer Davidson still had his brother as his agent; Sam quit, saying he thought he might try training. Enter Charley, who used to ride the half-milers himself not too many years ago. He is a genuinely pleasant glad-handler and as hard working a jockey's agent as there is on the half-milers. At any track, day or night, when Davidson is racing, it is hard to miss Charley (his mother calls him by his middle name, "Andrew"); his track pals call him "Snake". After every race Jesse rides, Baker lopes to the paddock or the track bar or the dining room or into the men's room, if necessary, seeking out the mount's owner to shake hands. He takes on an undertaker's polish for a loser, a proud father's braggadocio about "The Greatest" for a winner. Charley is not even slightly hesitant to explain why he should be a better agent than Jesse's brother. "See, I got contacts all over Maryland—Laurel and all over. Now, Sam, he knew West Virginia real good, but he didn't have the contacts at The Races like me. My brother, George, he trains for Mrs. duPont at Bohemia Stable—where they got Kelso, you know?"

Go-getter that he is, Charley sometimes lines up as many as three mounts in a single race for Jesse, then selects the best one and spends the rest of his day either dodging irked trainers or, as he puts it, "cooling 'em so they ain't mad." Things would, of course, be a bit different if he and Davidson went to The Races. "You can't get away with multiple calls often at Laurel. They fine you for not keeping your obligations straight," said Baker. "But, man, I got to have strenf for my work."

Charley is up early each morning and at the track by 7 o'clock to participate

continued

WEATHER
FORECAST
Dry and
sunbath
possible

★ **EXTRA** ★

WEATHER
FORECAST
Dry and
sunbath
possible

SECTION 2

A CANADIAN... THE NATION'S LATEST MIXERS

PAGE 1

AMERICA'S GOING DRY!



© 1930 Canada Dry Ltd.



Canada Dry makes any drink better. C'mon and mix with us!



SI Christmas Punch

An imaginative and refreshing gift idea—perfect for anyone you know who'd enjoy a hearty blend of lively writing and great photography each week throughout the year to come.

Recipe

- 1 52 spirited weeks of the world of sport—people, places, and events.
- 2 Add page after page of unforgettable color—memorable photography and commissioned art.
- 3 Stirring action—the Winter and Summer Olympics, the Masters and U. S. Open, the World Series, the Rose Bowl and Super Bowl, the Kentucky Derby, the Stanley Cup playoffs, and the best of sport each week.

And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arrives just as you'd expect: announced with a colorful gift card hand signed in your name and mailed to your friends at just the right time. Each gift begins with SI's Double Holiday issue announcing the Sportsman of the Year and previewing the college bowl games. So, serve up some SI Christmas Punch today. Just turn to the gift order form bound into this issue, fill out and mail. It's a fun-filled Christmas toast your friends will remember all year long.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / 540 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE / CHICAGO, ILLINOIS / 60611

in the daily scramble to put riders on the good mounts still open. This is an odd scene, unheard of at the bigger tracks. A dozen agents or so appear in the racing secretary's office at the track, and theyicker and bargain to put their jockey's name forward to the official who picks (usually by drawing a number) a rider for an open horse. It is at this time, too, that the day's scratches are announced, and, if one of Davidson's mounts is removed from a race, Baker is quick to shout out Jesse's name for any that are still open.

"You got to be forward, real forward. It don't do Jesse no good if I'm shy," he confided one morning this fall after such a scene at Marlboro. Satisfied that he had been as forward as the situation required, Baker then left the racing secretary's office and cruised, very slowly, through the stable area, waving and nodding to anyone he saw. "I got to do that, I don't have nothin' to say, but they got to see me and then they know I'm tryin'." He drove to the track, stopped and gazed at a handful of people standing there. "Nope," he said. "No one there now, but if I seen a trainer or someone like that, man, I be out of the car so fast and over to him to say somethin'. Maybe just a joke, I don't know. Anything so they know I'm tryin'."

That done, it was 9 a.m., and Baker adjourned to the bar of the Marlboro Hotel, a decrepit establishment, and sipped a gin and 7 Up ("for my nerves") with a half a dozen other people. After a couple of nerve-soothers Charley Baker said, "You know, I got 20, 30 head for Jess up at Laurel. We gonna make The Races this time, I know it. I got him promised on Hansome Harve, too, and that horse won more'n \$100,000 already. We gonna make The Races for sure."

Later that same afternoon, after riding five (one winner) at Marlboro, Davidson sipped a Scotch and water in a bright-lighted barroom booth next to a Budweiser neon sign. Charley was at the bar "coolin' out" a trainer, and Davidson said, "Yeah, Charley thinks I can make it, so I'm gonna give it a try."

continued

BOLENS DIABLO ROUGE



...have
a real
"Snowball"
this winter

Just imagine yourself, your family and friends on this winter fun machine... Bolens exciting Diablo Rouge. There's no other sport to match it. And there's no other snow vehicle to match the new Diablo Rouge. 16 hp engine with dual front-end traction. Carries three or four; tows more. Swivel-frame steering allows you to turn the Diablo in its own length at any speed. The exclusive Diablo design makes tipping almost impossible. Go out and find some fun this winter. Ask your Bolens dealer for a test ride on the newest snow vehicle — Bolens Diablo Rouge.

Send for your FREE "Go Go Diablo" decal



BOLENS

BOLENS DESIGN, INC. CORPORATION DEPT. DM-90-17
PORT WASHINGTON, WISCONSIN

Yes, I am interested in the new and exciting Diablo Rouge. Send my "Go Go Diablo" decal (3") and illustrated literature.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



All over the world King George IV sells at the same price as the other 'top 12' Scotches (London \$7.28)

But here, it is the only 'top 12' you can buy for about \$5.00

The Scots produce it, we bottle it... and pass the savings on to you. Why are we so generous? We want to become the largest selling Scotch around.

King George IV

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MORDON G. GARR, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Big Ben's family name is Westclox.

Meet the traveling nephews



Don't trust to luck when you're away—trust Westclox!

On the left is the great new Travelite. Just press down on top of clock and the dial lights up.

In the middle is the Touroloform II. Its case comes in a handsome pebble-grain finish.

On the right is the Travette, with a leather texture case.



All Westclox travel clocks have shatter proof crystals and sweep alarm indicators. Prices start at \$5.98* Look for them at drug, department, hardware, or jewelry stores.

*Suggested retail price

WESTCLOX
WESTCLOX DIVISION GENERAL TIME

GO TO THE RACES *continued*

But I tol' him—two weeks. That's it. I ain't goin' to risk everything I got. I worked like a sonabitch. Now I don't hafta work horses in the mornin's no more, and I can take off in November to go huntin' deer and I don't hafta start ridin' again till maybe March. You cain't do that at Laurel." Jesse chain-lighted one Winston from another and said, "When I got to be a jock there was four things I always wanted: to get me a Cadillac, to be leadin' rider in th' country, to make the Hall of Fame and to ride in the Kentucky Derby. I already got two of 'em, and right now I got over 1,700 winners and all I need's 2,000 and I could make the Hall of Fame. Ain't but 30, 40 guys won that many in history. I can keep ridin' another 10 years, so I'm a cinch for it. If I get lucky, maybe I can git to the Derby. Maybe not." He gulped down the rest of his drink, stood up and said, "Where's Charley? I gotta ride six t'night at Charles Town. We gotta go."

The meet at Laurel began on October 27. Davidson rode 21 mounts in the first eight days. He won two races, one on a horse called Someday, owned by Bohemia Stable. Then, as has happened before, Davidson's luck went sour. He was hospitalized with a bladder infection that required surgery; it would keep him from riding the rest of the year. "Yeah, we was goin' good at Laurel, too," he said, lying in his hospital bed. But already he was thinking of next year. "I'm goin' to try it in New York, by God," he said, sounding just a little surprised himself. "It won't be all that much tougher than Laurel, and it looks like I'll be ridin' with Bohemia whenever they start up there in New York." It will be a long way from the familiar, friendly land of the half-milers. In New York, Davidson will be getting up at 5:30 in the morning to gallop horses. There will be no crowds at the rail yelling, "Hol wif 'im, Jess." And whenever he goes out to eat or drink he will have to be sure he has plenty of money in his pockets because no one will be giving credit on Jesse Davidson's face alone. Not at The Races. Not yet, anyway. **END**

Learn the great American sport of Wide-Tracking in a great American sports car.

Wide-Tracking isn't hard to catch onto, once you've got the right equipment. And five of the most magnificent pieces of equipment around this year, are those bearing the Pontiac Firebird emblem. All five models sport such new excellences as smoother riding rear suspension, upper-level ventilation system (eliminating the need for vent windows) and new stuff under the hood. But, if you think Wide-Tracking is just a rich man's sport, you'll learn a thing or two by taking a look at some of our magnificently

demure price tags. You can choose anything from a 175-hp Firebird to a 330-hp Firebird 400, each with a bevy of new safety equipment (like padded armrests, front and rear side-marker lights) that makes Wide-Tracking more secure than ever. Front-wheel disc brakes, 4-speed shift, mag-style wheels and stereo tape are among the decisions you'll have to make. But the first thing you'll have to learn is which one of the Magnificent Five Firebirds is for you. Drive one... it's a very educational experience.

The Magnificent Five Firebirds: 1980 Firebird, 1980 Firebird 2, 1980 Firebird 3, 1980 Firebird 400, 1980 Firebird 4000.

©1979 GM Corp. Pontiac



GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wide-Track



Pontiacs



**Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**



© 1995, B&W T Co., a subsidiary of B&W T Co. Inc. The Mark of Quality is a B&W T Co. Inc. trademark.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA**, **BOSTON** (14-5) held its lead in the Eastern Division by winning two games before San Diego and dropping one each in Seattle and the Bullets, while **PHILADELPHIA** (14-4), half a game behind, also split four games. **INDIANAPOLIS** (12-6) won three, lost one and **NEW YORK** (11-11) split four, defeating the Bulls 125-123 when Walt Bellamy sank a layup with two seconds remaining in the second round, and edging Seattle 118-116 when Carter Russell made a technical foul shot with 1:27 to go. With Oscar Robertson scoring 40 points, **CINCINNATI** (15-11) beat the Knicks 123-122, then fell the club's single-game scoring mark with a 131-130 loss of Seattle before losing to the Pistons. **BALTIMORE** (10-10) lost to the Bulls and upset the Celtics 126-118. **ST. LOUIS** (11-14) won 115-113 and San Diego 110-106, but lost to the Hawks' Western Division lead (15-4) by the 100th game. **SAN FRANCISCO** (10-11) extended its winning streak to six with four victories, including two over **LOS ANGELES** (10-9), which won only one of four games. **MIAMI** (10-14) beat the Pistons 115-105 in overtime when Bud Thomas tipped a rebound at the basket, defeated the Lakers 117-112 on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's 47 points and upset the Celtics 115-106, after taking a 44-point half-court lead. The Sonics' brief scoring streak ended, however, with two losses to the Royals and the Knicks. **ATLANTA** (13-13) won three of four, while **SAN DIEGO** (10-13) lost six games.

ABA, **INDIANAPOLIS** (14-5) had in the Eastern Division divided to half a game when the Pacers split two games at **MILWAUKEE** (13-5) won three of four, making the Muskies' record (2-2) the past two weeks. **THUNDERBOLT** (11-13) won one of four games and **NEW JERSEY** (10-11) took three straight. Jon Leagon ended a five-game losing streak for the place. **KANSAS** (10-13) by making two free throws in the first 18 seconds for a 105-102 victory over Pittsburgh but then George Roubicek shot and Johnny Carson missed New Orleans (12-5) instead of West. **ATLANTA** led the division with a 2-1 mark for the week, while **DALLAS** (10-7) moved one second place with three wins in four games. **DENVER** lost three losing five straight games before Pittsburgh (11-9) and **OAKLAND** (10-11) took three of four. **ANHEIM** (10-14) dropped two of four games, and **HOUSTON** (14-17) won two, lost three.

FOOTBALL—The California team of **MIKE RFA-GANG**, **BILL COOPER** and **RUDY RAMOS** defeated their 26-man opponent Rayson Craft in victory at the 33,750 Lake Havasu City (April 5) Southern World Championship (page 30).

FOOTBALL—**NFL**, **GREEN BAY** (8-21) won the Central Division title by edging second-place Chicago (5-24) 17-13. In the Central Division **DALLAS** (10-11) and Detroit clinched the title with a 48-31 victory over fading St. Louis (5-31) as Bob Hayes caught two TD passes and scored another touchdown on a 60-yard punt return. **MINNEAPOLIS** (14-5-2) Jerry Jones completed 32 of 30 passes for 321 yards and three touchdowns, but Company was out of the playoffs. **CLEVELAND** (14-1) beat the Redskins 42-35 when Tony Kelly ran for 143 yards and two TDs. Johnny Beatty rebounded 70 yards for a TD in an unexpected comeback. **ATLANTA** (10-14) scored 100 yards for a TD with a kickoff return, second-place **NEW YORK** (9-5), a game behind the Browns, suffered Philadelphia's (10-4) 44-20 victory on 34 points in the last game (page 36). **Lute Michulski** had four first goals, scored Cleveland Division leader **BALTIMORE** (10-12) to a 36-9 win over San Francisco (5-16), which, second-place **LOS ANGELES** (10-12) remained a game behind with a 31-7 victory over Detroit (5-16). In games among the first-place teams in the four divisions, **MINNEAPOLIS** (14-5-2) defeated Pittsburgh (12-8) 41-11-27, while **NEW ENGLAND** (12-9) came from behind to beat Atlanta 19-17-27-24 when Ken Knecht caught a reception and TD pass from Bill Kinzer with 54 seconds to go.

AFL, Western Division leader **OAKLAND** (10-11) interrupted four games and ran two back for touchdowns to defeat third-place Kansas City (10-14-23). **DENVER** (10-11), a half game behind the Raiders, trailed last-minute Denver (10-10) by 10 points early in the last quarter. Ray Lewis blocked a field-goal attempt and ran 72 yards for a touchdown, and with 2:31 remaining, Keith Post scored a TD three plays after a recovery fumble in the Chargers' lead. The Browns, 34-20, in the Eastern second-place **HOUSTON** (10-14) moved within a game of the **NEW YORK** (10-11) by beating Bos-

ton (13-5), 27-6, while **MIAMI** (2-18) broke an 18-game losing streak when nose tackle Bobby Lane hit a 31-yard touchdown pass with a minute remaining to beat Buffalo (13-17-15).

HANDICAP—First place at the World Four-Wall Championships in Toronto ended in a draw between Canada and the U.S. as Tom Simpson (Calif.) MAHER defeated New York's Carl Olson 21-9, 21-9 for the singles title, while two other Olsen brothers, Rudy and Oscar, beat Martin Mulligan and Harry Taperman of Toronto 21-12, 21-20 in the doubles.

HANDICAP—Billy Haughdon drove C.A.B.-Linn (12-60) to a three-round victory over Pomeroy in the 156-mile 554,822-50 Hilltop Tree for 4-year-olds at Yonkers.

HOCKEY—**NHL**, **BOSTON** (11-5-7) skated into a tie with **TORONTO** (11-7-21) for the Eastern Division lead by taking three of four games, while the Leafs won two of three. **DETROIT** (10-7-17) dropped in third, three points behind, after losing Chicago 2-1 and losing to Oakland game, and **MONTREAL** (8-8-1) split its four games—beating St. Louis 3-1 on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (10-5-14) on three third-period goals and shutting out the Black Hawks 7-0. **Ralph Backstrom** scored three goals and assisted on three others. **Stamkos** of **NEW YORK** (10-7-31) won only one of three games and fell into a tie for last place with **CHICAGO** (7-5-17). **St. Louis** was 2-1-1 while **PHILADELPHIA** (

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ACHTUNG!

Sirs:

My attention has been called to *Skrims Illustrated's* recent full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*, and I am surprised to note that the author of this advertisement apparently does not know that Hitler could not and did not "change Olympic ritual." Only the International Olympic Committee can alter Olympic rules and regulations. As a matter of fact, it was the IOC that changed Hitler.

The initial competition in the Berlin Games in 1936 was won by a German. It was the first time in the history of the Games that an Olympic track-and-field event had been won by a German athlete, and the excitement among the 100,000 spectators, including Hitler, may easily be imagined. Officials of the German team rushed the new champion to Hitler's box for congratulations.

That evening Hitler received a message from the Count de Baillet-Latour, president of the IOC, stating that demonstrations of this sort were not appropriate at the Olympic Games and specifying that unless Hitler wanted to congratulate every victorious athlete such demonstrations must be discontinued. There was no repetition. Moreover, this was neither the first nor the only time that Hitler was forced to defer to the International Olympic Committee.

AVERY BRUNDAGE
President, Comité International
Olympique

Chicago

NO SYMPATHY

Sirs:

Tex Maule certainly picked the wrong opponent in the Redskins for his highlighting of the misfortunes of the San Francisco team (*Just Too Sophisticated to Win*, Nov. 20). Our 'Skins have lost three close ball games this fall—to the likes of the Cowboys, Colts and Cardinals—by a total of only 13 points, and they have been tied by Atlanta and Los Angeles, all within the last moments! Most of these losses have been suffered without the benefit of the most exciting split end in pro football, Charley Taylor, the sure foot of Charlie Gogolak or the defensive leadership of Sam Huff and big rookie Fullback Ray McDonald.

San Francisco's "frustrating history of sorrows," indeed!

JACK LINDEN

Washington

Sirs:

In his article about the 49ers' recent 31-28 loss to the Redskins, Tex Maule dismisses the 'Skins as being "not too po-

tent." I would remind Mr. Maule that, despite a mediocre record, the 'Skins have been ahead of every opponent but one this season going into the fourth quarter. Dallas beat them 17-14 in the last 10 seconds; the Colts edged them out 17-13, with less than two minutes to go; the vaunted Rams were lucky to tie them 28-28 in the closing seconds; and the 20-20 tie with Atlanta was the result of a missed extra point.

Sonny Jurgensen has been the No. 1 passer in the NFL for a good part of the season, and receivers Smith, Mitchell and Taylor currently rank second, fourth and fifth in receptions. Kicker Charlie Gogolak (third in scoring in 1966) has been out the entire season. Charley Taylor (first in pass receiving in 1966) has missed one third of the games because of an injury. Sam Huff is still out from a severe sprain. The club has been plagued by injuries but, despite all this, the 'Skins rank sixth in the NFL in total offense.

Ask Dallas or Los Angeles what they think of the Redskins. I'll guarantee they'll tell you there are many other teams they would rather face than the "not too potent" entry from Washington.

STEVEN C. BURNARD

Rockville, Md.

Sirs:

I know the real trouble with the 49ers. The team has no running game at all. In the backfield Willard and Crow are like the Bobbey Twins. They both lack the main essentials of a good runner in professional football, power and good speed. Crow has been one of football's best players, but time has finally caught up with his legs.

The 49ers have part of the answer sitting on their bench in the person of second-string Fullback Gary Lewis. In nine games this year Willard rushed for 365 yards in 123 carries for an average of 2.9 yards per carry. His longest run was for 19 yards. Lewis carried the ball 40 times and rushed for 219 yards for an average of 5.4 yards per carry. Gary's longest run was for 52 yards. Also, if you have seen this big back in action you would say that he has the potential to become one of professional football's great backs.

ROBERT RIZZO

San Francisco

MASTERS ROBERT

Sirs:

Thanks for the fine article by Tanya Matthews on Bobby Fischer (*The Further Adventures of Terrible-tempered Bobby*, Nov. 20). Your articles on chess, though few and far between, are always well written, and I hope you will have a report on the out-

come of the Interzonal. Even if Bobby Fischer were the world champion, he could not expect to have other players and tournament officials give in to his demands. He may be the best, but he has to learn to play under the same conditions as everyone else. The tournament officials made changes in the schedule because of his religion, and he should have put up with them. No doubt he would have won the event with ease.

RUSSELL W. MILLER

President, Washington State Chess Federation

Yakima, Wash.

Sirs:

The article by Tanya Matthews showing how American champion Bobby Fischer forfeited his way out of the recent world international chess tournament in Sousse, Tunisia, in spite of the sincere efforts of the officials and players to meet his almost insistent demands and to placate his petulant faultfindings, was eminently fair and factual. A champion in any field has the responsibility of maintaining the dignity of the title. In an international contest a champion must also realize that he represents not just himself, but his country as well, and recognize the fact that he is therefore in a position to further or to hinder international relations. It is high time Bobby Fischer cast aside the foibles of a teenage prodigy and started to live up to the responsibilities of a mature chess master.

G.M.W. Kossé

New York City

LOST CAUSE

Sirs:

Every time I look at the National Basketball Association standings I have to laugh at the people who decided that the league was ready for expansion. The Chicago, San Diego and Seattle teams have proved conclusively that they are not ready, and may never be ready.

As of November 14, for example, the three teams had won a total of five games and lost 40 for a .111 percentage. Chicago somehow managed to fall below even the level, with a 1-12 record for a dismal .077 percentage. The other two teams were camped at .124. In other words Seattle and San Diego were winning one game in eight, Chicago one in 13. At this rate the final record for all three will be about 26 wins, 214 losses. This is not NBA caliber basketball, needless to say.

Worse yet, against legitimate NBA competition the expansion teams were 0 for 35, and the expansion teams certainly will not be much better next year. In fact they should be playing poor basketball—if they are still

playing—until about the middle of the 1970s.

What to do about it? My plan would be this: send all the players back to their original teams and hold the draft over again, this time letting the nine pro-caliber teams keep only six or seven players each on the protected list. Possibly, then, the new seams would develop into fair competition.

MARK SHIRAZIAN

Monterey Park, Calif.

ORCHIDS AND ONIONS

Sirs:

Thank you for your article on Penn State football (*Some Kool Kroyers Get Kicked Down by a Foot*, Nov. 20), and let me take this opportunity to congratulate you on a consistently interesting and well-done publication. Now that I've taken care of the orchids let's give the onions an airing. It seems to be a consensus among the nation's pollsters that Penn State kind of "fucked out" against a highly regarded North Carolina State when they beat the Wolfpack 13-8. When you sit right down and think about it I guess Penn State was lucky. Lucky that young men like Jim Litterelle, Mike McRath, Dennis (The Darling) Onkotz, Ted Kwalick, Tom Sherman, Tim Montgomery and a host of other topflight football talents decided to make PSU the university of their choice. On November 11, from where I sat, it was a simple case of a good team losing to a better one. A big break didn't catch Sherman's touchdown pass, Kwalick did. Costly penalties didn't stop down Wolfpack accruals, Montgomery and Onkotz did. Misfortune didn't stop North Carolina State's drives, Penn State did.

JOE WATSON

Monroeville, Pa.

Sirs:

All season long I have watched as Mervin Hymn consistently picked Penn State as the second- or third-best team in the East. Finally, after the Nittany Lions defeated then-third-ranked North Carolina State, Penn State was moved into its well-deserved spot of No. 1. I agree with this pick, but I don't agree with a statement made about Penn State by Dan Jenkins in the preview of the USC-UCLA game in the same issue. He referred to USC's schedule as tough, because the Trojans played teams like Texas, Michigan State and Notre Dame, while saying that the only tough team on UCLA's schedule was Tennessee. I would like you to add Penn State to that list.

LEITH MACE

University Park, Pa.

REFERENDUM

Sirs:

I was especially interested in Dave Kohnhorst's letter (191st HOLT, Nov. 6) in which he claimed that pro football officials favored

continued

This is one cologne she won't borrow.



St. Johns for Men Bay Rum or Lime

© 1967, West Indies Bay Co., Div. St. Thomas Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write to us at 660 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

You're not a skin diver?
You don't have to be to enjoy the Zodiac Sea Wolf: world's most popular skin diver's watch. All you really need is an eye for a watch that's not run-of-the-mill. The Zodiac Sea Wolf is as dependable as the tide. Tested 660 feet below sea level. Waterproof*. Seventeen jewel precision movement. Large luminous dial. \$110.

Zodiac

Imports of the American, New York, N.Y. 10024



"A skin diver's watch?
The only time I'm under water is in the shower."



foto-electric football



NATIONAL WAR FOOTBALL
HALL OF FAME GAME

MAN Size Action For Adults and Teens with FOTO-ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

The sideline run, the post after touch-down, the crashing line play, the bullet pass... sound like pro football? It is. Because this is the swift, crackling action of Foto Electric Football—the only game of its kind endorsed by the Pro Football Hall of Fame! You match your quarterbacking skill against your opponent's defense. And watch the action, as it happens, on the play viewer. If you know football, Foto Electric Football is your game. Get it, wherever fine games are sold.

\$9.00
each

Ask for the Game with the Cadaco Name
CADACO, INC.

**Tired of
smoking
matches?**
Try **BOND STREET**.
Tastes great!
Stays lit!

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED IN BACK BAY, BOSTON
3 YEAR PROGRAM
General Arts • Bus. Adm. • Advertising • Sales •
Marketing • Accounting • Education
IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB
Recycling • Interior Design • Secretarial
Diplomas • College Reentryal Activities
FOR CATALOG, WRITE: DR. R. J. MAGNUS
201 COMMERCIAL AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS. 02108

Soften every step with Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles.

These soft latex foam in-
soles absorb shock of hard
floors, make any shoe more
comfortable, "like walking
on pillows." Sanitized*
treated. Washable.



MADE IN U.S.A.

Dr. Scholl's EVERYTHING FOR FOOT CARE

16TH HOLE

the home-town team. I recalled that a few years ago an NFL coach had made a statement similar to his and decided to check if I was correct. Out came the old files and, sure enough, the first item in the Nov. 15, 1965 SCOUTCARD told about Harland Stone receiving a \$1,000 fine for his remark that NFL officials "are homers." Mr. Kohnhorst should consider himself lucky. It cost him only 5¢ to mail his letter.

MICHAEL LEVINE

Lawrence, N.Y.

SAYS

In his letter Dave Kohnhorst gave various examples of games in which the visiting team was penalized more than the home team. Yet in 12 NFL and AFL contests played on Sunday, November 5 the home teams were penalized a total of 641 yards to a total of 626 for the visiting clubs. In the Viking-Giant game played in Minnesota the Vikings suffered 151 penalty yards, while the Giants lost only 97. Two pass-interference calls were made against the Vikings, one nullifying a Viking interception on a Giant drive that came close to defeating Minnesota.

Buffalo was penalized 144 yards at home, while its opponent, Miami, lost only 30 yards on infractions. Pittsburgh, Detroit, San Francisco and Boston, all home teams, were also penalized more than their opponents.

Let's not convict the refs without a trial.

ROBERT FIBER

Elmhurst, N.Y.

NOT HAYSEEDS

SAYS

We enjoyed your article about Kansas State University's "Purple Power" by William Johnson (*A Team That Is Loved with a Purple Passion*, Oct. 30). But we were a bit irritated by his statement that in the '40s K-State "beat that well-known gridiron power Fort Hays State." Since the '40s Fort Hays has come a long way in football and truly is a "well-known gridiron giant" in the Central Intercollegiate Conference, of which it is the defending champion. Many NFL and AFL teams have heard of Fort Hays's football prowess.

We students at Fort Hays don't believe that our coach walks on water, but he is affectionately known as "Winning Wayne" McConnell. We also have pride. Fort Hays State is a small college, but we really would be small if we allowed some overpomp who doesn't know much about Fort Hays to spread belittling words about it. Let it be known throughout the land that our spirit and pride surpass even that of the awesome Purple Power of the Kansas State pussycats.

MIKE PAGE
E. J. DUNN

Hays, Kans.

126

New "Scrambler" Iron by PGA

For playing 5 of the most troublesome shots in golf

- Hits long shots out of the rough perfectly
- Hits a long, low ball from under trees or obstacles
- Hits into the wind extremely well
- Plays bad lies easily, with accuracy
- Excellent for chip and approach shots

New design! The Scrambler's low, weighted flange at the sole puts power behind the ball—even a bad lie. You get the loft of a 4-iron on a 36 inch length. Excellent gift. Ask for the Scrambler. At your Golf Professionals' shop only.

Only clubs approved by
the Professional Golfers' Association
representing over 5400 professional golfers



PGA DIVISION

VICTOR GOLF
VICTOR GOLF CO., 8350 North Lehigh Ave.,
Morton Grove, Ill. 60053
Products of Victor Company, Inc.

THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

Looking for the holiday spirit?
Follow your nose—to Antique.
Water can't drown that clean,
nutty aroma. Mixing can't
dampen the glorious Antique
flavor. It's the bourbon that gives

nothing but undiluted
pleasure. In a luxury
holiday decanter.
Don't worry—you
won't get soaked
by the price either.



ANTIQUE...UNDILUTED PLEASURE



A man in a cowboy hat and western attire stands in a stable, leaning against a wooden post. A horse is partially visible behind him. In the bottom right corner, there are packs of Marlboro cigarettes. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**Famous Marlboro Red!
And new extra-long
Marlboro 100's—
The Longhorns!
Either way,
you get a lot to like.**

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.